

DECEMBER

28

1955

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MRS TIMOTHY
JONES



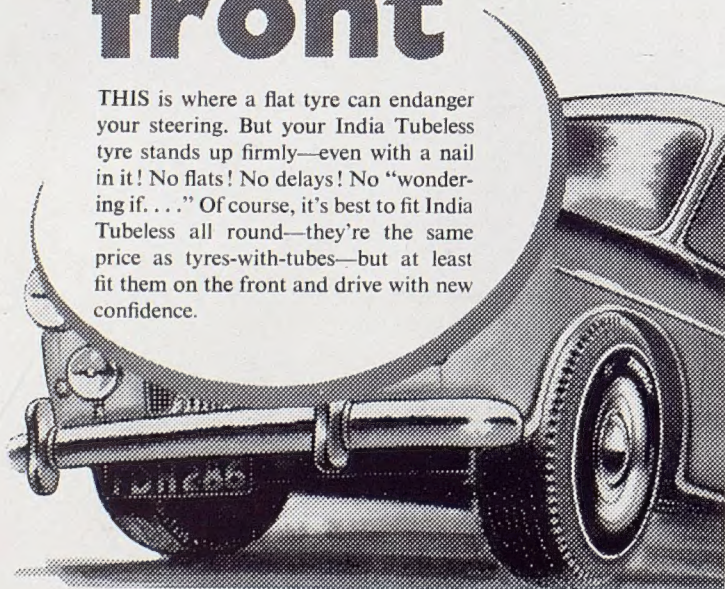
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MRS. TIMOTHY JONES, whose photograph appears on the cover of The TATLER this week, was formerly Miss Pandora Clifford, daughter of the Hon. Sir Bede and Lady Clifford. Sir Bede, who is a former Governor of the Bahamas, Mauritius and of Trinidad and Tobago, is a brother of Lord Clifford of Chudleigh. Her husband, Mr. Timothy Angus Jones, is the son of Sir George Roderick Jones. They have two children, the elder a daughter, Annabel, and a son, Alexander Roderick, and live at Hyde Park Gate

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From December 28 to January 4

Dec. 28 (Wed.) First night of *May Fever* at the New Lindsey Theatre. A new musical.

Dec. 29 (Thur.) The Boat Show at Olympia opens to Jan. 10.

Dec. 30 (Fri.) Chelsea Arts Ball at the Albert Hall.

Sir W. W. Wynn's hunt ball at Wynnstay Hall, Ruabon.

Royal Thames Yacht Club ball at the Club's Knightsbridge headquarters.

South and West Wilts hunt ball at Fonthill House, Tisbury.

Racing at Newbury (two days).

Dec. 31 (Sat.) Belvoir hunt ball, at Burley-on-the-Hill, Oakham.

The Limelight Ball, in aid of the Royal London Society for the Blind, under the presidency of Countess Mountbatten of Burma. At the Savoy Hotel.

IN LONDON NOW THE THEATRES

"SAILOR BEWARE" (Strand Theatre)

Peggy Mount in the enormously funny domestic farce.

"THE BUCCANEER" (Lyric, Hammersmith)

Sandy Wilson's entertaining musical play about a boys' magazine.

"SALAD DAYS" (Vaudeville)

The musical play that has swept London with its freshness and charm.

"THE FAMOUS FIVE," "NODDY IN TOYLAND" (Princes)

Two Enid Blyton Christmas plays. "Noddy In Toyland" matinées only. Laughter and thrills for the younger generation.

"CINDERELLA" (Palace)

David Nixon as Buttons in the West End pantomime, with gorgeous eighteenth-century settings.

"DICK WHITTINGTON ON ICE" (Empress Hall)

A magnificent spectacle. Clowns, acrobats and glorious skating.

"THE MARVELLOUS STORY OF PUSS IN BOOTS" (Fortune)

An effective dramatization of the immortal fairy story.

"PETER PAN" (Scala)

Peggy Cummins plays the boy who would not grow up, in Barrie's classic.

"BEAUTY AND THE BEAST" (Players Theatre)

Adapted from the French, is the subject for this theatre's annual gay harlequinade.

"LET'S MAKE AN OPERA" (Royal Court)

Benjamin Britten's popular operatic entertainment for children.

"WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS" (Festival Hall)

This famous fairy tale has a special accent on the ballet this year, with Anton Dolin, Violetta Elvin and a corps de ballet. Also in the cast are Alfred Marks and Valentine Dyal.

"THE BOY FRIEND" (Wyndhams)

The popular skit on the twenties, with tunes that have been whistled for months.

"THE WATER GYPSIES" (Winter Garden)

The enchanting musical by A. P. Herbert and Vivian Ellis about life on a Thames barge, with Dora Bryan, Peter Graves and Jerry Verno.

"THE CRAZY GANG" (Victoria Palace)

Everyone (and equally no one) knows what to expect from these inimitable masters of nonsense. A most hilarious evening.

"DRY ROT" (Whitehall)

John Slater and Brian Rix have the fun going strong in the second year of this popular farce.

"PAINTING THE TOWN" (Palladium)

Norman Wisdom with Ruby Murray and a large company keep up a great pace.

"MEET ME ON THE CORNER" (Hippodrome)

Max Bygraves is the cheerful personality at the centre of this gay musical show.

"THE PAJAMA GAME" (Coliseum)

Joy Nichols, Edmund Hockridge and Max Wall in a swift, tuneful, energetic American musical.

"FAMILY FUN" (Adelphi)

Harry Corbett with his well-loved television puppet Sooty.

BERTRAM MILLS'S CIRCUS (Olympia)

This great annual show is better even than ever, and includes the popular Fun Fair.

TOM ARNOLD'S CIRCUS and Wild West Show (Harringay Arena)

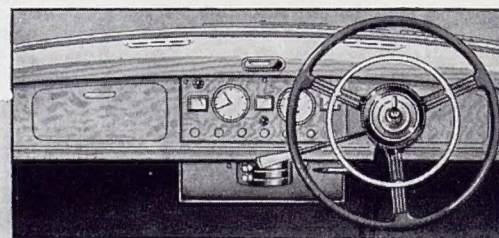
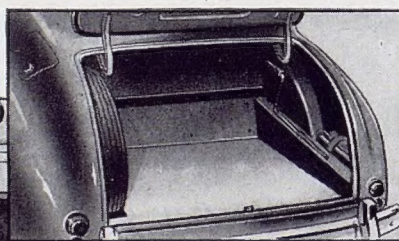
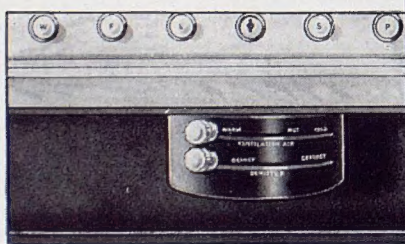
The second half of this circus introduces authentic characterizations of famous stars of the West, including Buffalo Bill.

The Wolseley Four-Fortyfour has a 4 cyl. o.h.v. engine of 1250 c.c. Excellent suspension and road-holding. Real English leather upholstery, pile carpets. Safety glass all round.



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A. V. Swaeb

Two young adepts who danced for charity

SEVERAL hundred children from the schools of Miss Bice Bellairs, Lady Eden, Mrs. G. K. Hampshire, Mrs. Jepson-Turner, Miss Dorice Stainer and Miss Betty Vacani took part in a performance at the Scala Theatre called *More Airs And Graces*, which was

held in aid of the Forces Help Society and Lord Roberts Workshops. Here seen rehearsing are Miss Veronica Waggett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Waggett, and Miss Elfrida Eden, a niece of the Prime Minister, who took part in a number called "Chopin Dances"



MISS PATRICIA ("TISHA") BARKER is the daughter of Mrs. Barker, M.B.E., of Scarletts Farm, Twyford, Berkshire, and of the late Major George Barker, of the Royal Scots Greys. She is at present finishing a domestic science course in Eastbourne, and will be presented in the spring. This picture of her was taken by Armstrong Jones

Social Journal

Jennifer

THE LIFEBOAT BALL

THE Royal National Life-Boat Institution is one of the finest services in the country, and many people are surprised that it receives no help from the state, but is entirely dependent on voluntary contributions. The annual Life-boat Ball helps to swell the funds, and this year the very able and hard-working chairman was Lady Tedder, who is so efficient in anything she undertakes, and her efforts made it one of the best of these occasions ever to be held.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester came to the ball, which took place this year at the Dorchester Hotel, where the ballroom was decorated with many nautical emblems. The Duchess sat at the top table with Earl Mountbatten of Burma, Countess Mountbatten, President of the Central London Branch of the Ladies' Life-Boat Guild, and President of the ball, the Spanish Ambassador and, of course, the chairman, Lady Tedder. With them were

Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Tedder, one of the four vice-chairmen, with Countess Howe—a great worker for this cause—and Mrs. Alexander Eddy who were both sitting at the top table with their husbands, and pretty Mrs. Derek Hague who had a big party of friends at a nearby table. Earl Howe is vice-chairman of the R.N.L.I.

It is one of the events which changes its committee very little from year to year, and it is much more like a private dance than a charity ball. Among members of the committee I saw there were Viscountess Curzon dancing with her husband, his sister Lady Georgiana Curzon partnered by Mr. Bill Tucker, Lady Bird dancing energetically much of the evening, Mrs. Ian MacTaggart, who as always was a very live member of the committee and did a lot to add to the success of the ball, and Mrs. Hensher, who ran the tombola with immense energy and efficiency.

The Mayor of Westminster was there with Mayoress Mrs. Stirling who is on the com-

mittee, also Mrs. Gilbert Mansell, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Hopwood and Mr. Ronald and Lady Gloria Flower. The two last-named couples were in a big party with Mr. and Mrs. George Trypanis, who had all these guests, and another ten or twelve younger ones who were at another table, to cocktails in their lovely Portman Square flat before the ball.

MEN of the Life-Boat service in their dark blue sweaters and red woolly caps sold the very well-produced lucky programmes. These were the best the ball has ever had, full of interesting advertisements which help so tremendously towards the ball expenses. Many of them were secured by Lady Tedder.

G/Capt. Pickard ("F for Freddy") who was one of the patrons, organized a brilliant cabaret at midnight, described on the programme as the Eric Ross "Dazzle" Show. This was a slick, beautifully dressed and well-produced floor show in the true American fashion, quite the best cabaret seen at any ball for a very long time.

The Duchess of Gloucester tried her luck at the tombola, which was also extremely well run with some lovely prizes. It made over £400 in the evening, being sold out before the cabaret came on. Another diversion for guests was a half-size model of the Southend lifeboat which was erected at the end of the ballroom. Here I met Coxswain Verrion, who is in charge of the Ramsgate lifeboat and has been thirty-five years in this wonderful service which saves so many lives each year, and Mrs. John Terry, the charming and hard-working secretary to the Central London Branch of the R.N.L.I.

AFTER the cabaret the winners of the raffle and lucky prizes were announced and among these were Countess Howe, whose prize was a return ticket to Le Touquet! Lady Gloria Flower was another lucky winner at the tombola, and had a stack of prizes on the table in front of her place. At this ball a couple of years ago she won a Jersey calf, but as she was then living in Chelsea Square she decided she would have to sell it. This has had a happy result as Mr. Derek Hague, who bought it from her and has the cow at his farm in Hampshire, told me at the ball that she has done very well and won several prizes this summer.

Among others I saw enjoying this very good ball were Mr. and Mrs. Donald Fraser and her attractive daughter Miss Elisabeth Thierry-Mieg who is one of next season's débutantes, Miss Davina and Miss Linda Metcalfe in the party of young friends who had come on from Mr. and Mrs. Trypanis's flat, Brig. and Mrs. Hugh Leveson Gower, Mr. Stanley Christopherson dancing with Miss Nina Pears, Mr. and Mrs. Mullion, Sir Norman Gwatkin and Mrs. Edward Christie Miller. The result of this splendid evening is, as far as I can ascertain on going to press, that the R.N.L.I. will benefit by about £3,000.

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THE many friends of M. Claude Lebel, Counsellor at the French Embassy since 1952, and his lovely wife are very sad that this charming couple are leaving. They are returning to Paris where M. Lebel is to take up a new appointment at the French Foreign Office. Happily Paris is not far away, so that when we are over there we shall hope to see them, and hope, too, that they will visit this country from time to time.

Before they went, the French Ambassador and Mme. Jean Chauvel gave a delightful cocktail party in their honour at the French Embassy at which many members of the Diplomatic Corps and of both Houses of

Parliament were present. I was only able to be there for a short time, when I met Lord and Lady Killearn who told me they had just had a very worrying weekend as their twelve-year-old daughter Jacquetta had developed severe appendicitis on the Sunday (which is never a very easy day to find a good surgeon), but happily she was going on well after her operation.

The Princess of Berar was having a long talk with Mr. Peter Tunnard and nearby Viscount and Viscountess Kemsley were chatting with Viscount Bearsted and his wife, who looked very pretty wearing a little white cap trimmed with black, with a black dress.

The Bearsteds were going back to their Warwickshire home next day in time for the Warwickshire Hunt Ball. Viscount Bearsted has recently resigned the joint-Mastership of the Warwickshire Hounds with Miss Beryl Buckmaster and Major Stanley Cayzer, whose wife was also at this farewell party looking, as always, exceptionally chic; this time in black with touches of white.

MR. JACK PROFUMO, the joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation, arrived already changed as he had to go straight on to an official dinner. Lord and Lady Harvey were greeting many friends, as were Mr. and Mrs. Clare O'Rorke, neighbours of M. and Mme. Lebel who had Capt. and Mrs. Charles Janson's house in St. Leonard's Terrace for the past three years. Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones was quietly going round the fine reception rooms having a cheerful word every yard or so, and I saw Mr. John Foster in earnest conversation, Lord Dunboyne, Mr. and Mrs. Antony Norman, Earl and Countess Jellicoe and Lady Evelyn Jones.

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THE Dean of St. Paul's conducted the service in St. Paul's Cathedral when Capt. Anthony Weatherall, 7th Queen's Own Hussars, elder son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Nigel Weatherall, of Richmond, Yorkshire, married Miss Sophy Keswick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Keswick, of Harlow, Essex. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked charming in a lovely ivory satin dress with a tulle veil held in place by a pearl head-dress. Her two grown-up and six child bridesmaids wore terra-cotta taffeta dresses with flowers in their hair, and carried posies of the same coloured rosebuds.

After the ceremony there was a reception at 45 Park Lane, where the bride and bridegroom's parents received the guests. These included Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Keswick, Mr. H. Pease, Brig. and Mrs. Drew, Sir Christopher and Lady Chancellor, Lord and Lady Swaythling and his mother, the Dowager Lady Swaythling, Capt. and Mrs. McKay, Major-Gen. R. Younger, Col. of the 7th Queen's Own Hussars, and Sir Francis and Lady Glyn. Also present were the bridegroom's grandmother Mrs. Drabble, his uncles Mr. Cecil and Mr. Gerald Drabble, and his brother Mr. William Weatherall.

Other guests included Gen. Sir Charles Winterton, to whom the bridegroom was A.D.C. when he was in Austria, and Lady Winterton, Major Peter Groves, one of the ushers, and Major John Griffin, who was best man.

The young couple left for a honeymoon in Madeira, and when they return are going to make their home for the next two years at Lulworth, where Capt. Weatherall is an instructor at the Gunnery School.

[Continued overleaf]



THE MAPLE LEAF BALL, arranged by the Canadian Women's Club, proved a great success at the Dorchester. Over three hundred members and their guests were present and were received by Countess Alexander, H.E. the High Commissioner for Canada, Mr. Norman Robertson, and Mrs. Robertson, who are seen above

Below: Miss Barbara Kelly, the Canadian actress, drew the raffle tickets, assisted by Mrs. C. H. Tross Youle, a patroness

Below: Mrs. Robert Beatty and Dr. Henry Wade were members of the same party at this very well-organized event



Sitting out during an interval in the dancing were Mr. John Hillaby and Miss Meribah Baxter

Mr. Leonard Baton in conversation with Miss Yvonne McNeil and Miss Kathleen Halton



H.R.H. PRINCESS ALEXANDRA was one of the godmothers when the three-month-old daughter of the Hon. Anthony and Mrs. Berry and granddaughter of Lord Kemsley was christened Alexandra Mary. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Norwich, assisted by the Rev. D. B. Harris, and took place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Continuing The Social Journal

Party for a young horsewoman

A VERY gay cocktail party was given by the Countess of Selkirk and Lady Jean Zinovieff for their niece Miss Annali Drummond-Hay, daughter of Major James and Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay, and Miss Hannah Maxwell. This took place in the Earl and Countess of Selkirk's delightful flat in Eaton Place. Annali Drummond-Hay is a very efficient little horsewoman and has won several equestrian events this year in England and in Scotland, where she spends much of the year with her parents at their home Seggieden in Perthshire.

The Earl of Selkirk was at his niece's party but the guests were mostly young friends. These included the Hon. Angus Ogilvy who was talking to Miss Caroline Yorke and hearing about the very good dance the Blues had given at the Combermere Barracks at Windsor a few days before.

HAVING a long talk with Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg's son William was the Hon. Caroline Hawke, and nearby I met three charming Italian boys, Marchese Alberico Archinto, Conte Gilberto Eorromeo and Signor Ferdinando Savini, who have been over here studying English and were returning to Italy for Christmas.

Mr. Peter Allfrey, Viscount Glentworth, Miss Prue Maxwell, the Hon. Penelope Dewar, Mr. Euan Frazer, Miss Elizabeth Gage, Mr. David Davenport, Miss Anita Krefling and Mr. Charlach Mackintosh were other young people in great form at this party. Charlach Mackintosh was off the next morning to train in the Alps with the British ski team, where he was to be joined by his elder brother Douglas Mackintosh, who is with the Scots Guards in Germany and won the Army Ski Championship earlier this year. It is somewhat of a coincidence that this year the two brothers are training with the British team for the Olympics, as their sisters Sheena and Vora Mackintosh (now Mrs. Hilleary and Mrs. John Shaw Stewart) represented England ski-ing at the last Olympics.

Mrs. Shaw Stewart was at the party, too.

From here I went on to another exceptionally happy and gay party for which Mr. "Chips" Channon, M.P., had lent his magnificent house in Belgrave Square. This was a cocktail party with dancing given by Mrs. Anthony Crossley to celebrate the engagement of her younger daughter Teresa to a charming young Belgian, M. Alain Camu. Teresa, looking enchanting and radiantly happy, and wearing a red silk dress, introduced her fiancé to her many friends. His parents, M. and Mme. Louis Camu, had come over from Brussels for the party as had several Belgian friends. Mme. Camu looked exceptionally chic wearing a little snow white fur hat with her black suit when I saw her talking to the Belgian Ambassador and the Marquise du Parc Locmaria.

Teresa's grandfather Sir Kenneth Crossley was there with Lady Crossley, and her mother's parents Brig. and Mrs. Alan Thomson. Other members of the family present included Lord and Lady Tweedsmuir and her daughters Mrs. Dominick Jones and her husband and Miss Anne Grant, and Teresa's brother-in-law and sister Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Callender.

SIX-FOOT Christmas trees decorated with white and silver balls stood on each side of the front door, and many lovely baskets of flowers which had been sent to the bride-to-be were arrayed in the entrance hall. Dozens of candles lit the exquisite dining-room leading off the other two ground floor reception rooms, of which the centre one was used for dancing to an excellent three-piece band.

Among the young friends enjoying this wonderful party were the Duke of Kent, his sister Princess Alexandra, and their cousin Princess Elizabeth of Yugoslavia, who came together and were all dancing merrily with other friends. Also I saw Mr. Paul Channon quietly enjoying this good party in his father's house, Lady Moyra Hamilton, Lady Amabel Yorke and her fiancé who were to be married a few days later, Miss Charlotte Bowater and

her cousin Miss Polly Eccles, Mr. Robin Hoyer-Millar, and his cousin Mr. Gurth Hoyer-Millar, the latter just recovering from a knee operation as the result of a rugger injury. He was with his fiancée Miss Jane Aldington, who told me they plan to get married in March.

Sir Nicholas Nuttall was there, also Miss Marina Orloff, Miss Vanessa Jebb, Prince Hugues de Bourbon down for the vacation from Oxford, Miss Susanna Chancellor, Mr. Ian Cameron, Miss Elizabeth Gage and her brother Robin, the Hon. Susan James, who I hear is now one of the best cooks in the country, her sister the Hon. Elizabeth James, Miss Caroline Starkey, Miss Linda McNair Scott, Miss Carina Boyle, Miss Gillian Swire, Miss Elizabeth Kleinwort, Miss Alexandra Seely who comes out next season, and Miss Colienne Schwarzenberg, who came with her father the Austrian Ambassador.

MR. "CHIPS" CHANNON was greeting many friends and among older guests were the Earl and Countess of Perth who are friends of both families, Lord and Lady Harvey, Sir Malcolm Sargent, a very old friend of Teresa's family, Earl and Countess Jellicoe, Lord and Lady Pakenham, the latter looking charming in green, Sir Derrick and Lady Gunston up from their home at Bembridge, and Major-Gen. and Mrs. Michael West. Other guests were Mlle. Lippens from Brussels, the Hon. Roland and Mrs. Winn, Sir David and the Hon. Lady Eccles and her sister the Hon. Mrs. Bowater, Mr. and Mrs. Baker Wilbraham and their daughter Patricia, Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft and her young son Mr. Pierro Roberti, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tiarks, Col. and Mrs. Bromley Davenport, Mr. John Foster, Q.C., with Miss Carruthers, Mr. Hardy Amies, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Whitwell, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Seely, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cavendish Bentinck, Sir Christopher Warner and his sister Miss Warner—he was at one time Ambassador in Brussels—the Hon. Mrs. Langton Iliffe, the Rev. Father Dominic de Grunne, Lady Kilmuir who is another friend of both families, M. and Mme. Claude Lebel, the Marquis and Marquise de Miramon, and M. and Mme. Emmanuel de Margerie of the French Embassy.

Among young marrieds were Mr. and Mrs. Mark Agnew, who were wedded in Malta where her father Major-Gen. Sir Robert Laycock is Governor, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Philip de Zulueta, and Mrs. Wakeley whose husband was ill and could not come, but she had her nephew Mr. Jeremy Bellville there.

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THERE was a record number of guests this year at the annual ball of the Liberal Social Council which was held at the Café Royal. Unfortunately the Marchioness of Crewe, the President, was not well enough to attend, so Lady Rea received the guests with Mrs. Philip Guedalla. Lord Rea was there, too, and he and Lady Rea had a big party at the top table. He has recently been made leader of the Liberal Party in the House of Lords. Other staunch supporters present included Lord Layton who was dancing energetically, Lady Layton, Lord Amulree, Sir Andrew and Lady McFadyean, Lady Victor Paget, a newly elected member of the Council, and Lord and Lady Stamp in a large party with Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Brunner, who had their daughter April with them, and Mr. Graeme and the Hon. Mrs. Parish. The latter's parents, Lord and Lady Grantchester, missed the ball this year as Lady Grantchester was not very well.

Mr. and Mrs. Greville Collins had a small party including their son-in-law and pretty daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Jock Idens,

their younger son Warwick who has gone into banking, and Lady Jennifer Bernard.

After dinner the dance floor was soon very full and among others I noticed dancing or going round from table to table sitting with friends were Lord and Lady Strabolgi, Lord and Lady Colwyn, Mrs. Corbet Ashby, the Hon. Mrs. Whitmore and Mr. Joseph Grimond, M.P. for Orkney and Zetland, and Mrs. Grimond. Everyone agreed it was quite the best ball the Council has ever arranged.

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THE President, Lord Dudley Gordon, and members of the Committee of the Allied Circle gave a cocktail party in London for all those kind people who had so generously given prizes for their giant tombola. These included many members of the Diplomatic Corps. The party took place at the Club's fine headquarters in Green Street where so much is done to encourage friendship and understanding among people of all nations.

Here members have all the facilities both social and residential of a good West End club, where they are also supplied with accurate information on world affairs, and have lectures and debates at which distinguished speakers and experts are invited to come and give their views.

LORD Dudley Gordon received the guests with Lady Forbes and Mrs. McNeil Robertson. They included the Netherlands Ambassador, the Bolivian Ambassador and Mme. Barrau, the Icelandic Minister and Mme. Jonsson, and the Dominican Ambassador and Mme. de Thomen. Also there were Sir Arthur Willert, Lady Birley, Capt. Hogan of the U.S.A.F., and Sir Ronald Jones, whose wife Lady Evelyn Jones was busy greeting guests and showing them some of the lovely tombola prizes which were on view.

A FEW days previously I had heard Lady Forbes, widow of Sir George Ogilvie-Forbes, speak with great drive and enthusiasm in the country, and before finishing she had put it into the minds of many present to join the Club and to try their luck with tombola tickets. On that occasion Mr. and Mrs. Alex Abel-Smith very kindly lent the beautiful drawing-room of their home, Houndsell, in Sussex, for the meeting, which raised well over £100. Mr. and Mrs. Abel-Smith and their weekend guests Lord and Lady Cornwallis and Mr. Helmut Schröder were all present, also Lady Bennett who does so much for public work in that part of the country, Lady Plender, another great worker for many good causes, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Royds who had come over from nearby Wadhurst, Lady Denning and Mrs. Kerman, who has recently been most successful with her herd of Scotch Shorthorns.



Desmond O'Neill

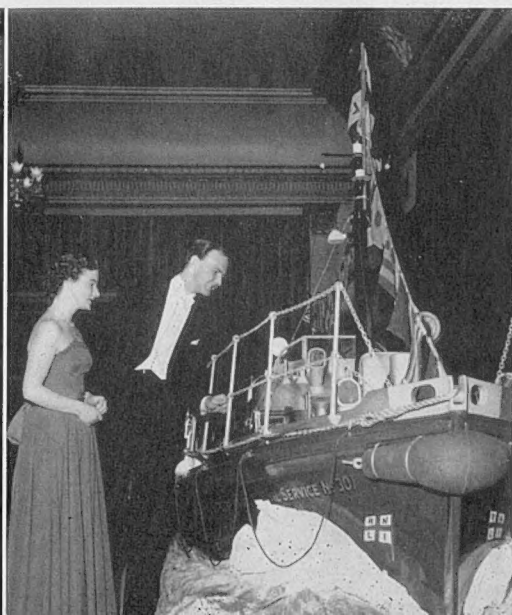
DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER WAS CHIEF GUEST

A COMPANY of 400 danced in marine atmosphere at the Dorchester when a ball was given to support the Life-Boat service. H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester was chief guest, and is seen above receiving a bouquet from Richard Tedder, son of Lord and Lady Tedder. On the right is Lady Tedder

Mrs. John Terry, the ball secretary, in conversation with Mrs. Hopwood and Mr. F. M. Hopwood

Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Harrison looking over a half-size model of the Southend lifeboat

Miss Ann Shafto talking to Mr. George Russo and Mrs. M. K. Cavenagh-Mainwaring





The Hon. Max Aitken, son of Lord Beaverbrook, is seen with his wife at the helm of his schooner, Lumberjack, whose blue hull and dark red sails are a familiar sight in the Solent and in ocean races

Below: Mr. Charles A. Nicholson, designer of many racing and cruising yachts. His South Coast One Design, which raced regularly at Cowes this summer, has won much approval among helmsmen



A GAY ARMADA COMES TO TOWN

GABOR DENES, who writes of the National Boat Show, contributes articles and pictures regularly to many of the yachting magazines, and is well known amongst sailing enthusiasts along the South Coast. He is also the author of a number of children's books illustrated with his own delightful photographs

TOMORROW the second National Boat Show opens at Olympia. It was largely due to the Hon. Max Aitken's great personal enthusiasm and foresight, and the participation of the Ship and Boat Builders National Federation—whose president Mr. L. Cocolis helped him to plan the first show—representing the industry, that the first National Boat Show ever held in this country became a reality last year.

Its success far exceeded all expectations. All the available space was let to exhibitors without any difficulty—in fact it was found that there was not enough room for all who wanted to come. As for the number of visitors, even the most optimistic estimates were far off the mark: an attendance of 50,000 was judged to be the most that could be expected, but the final figure was over 120,000!

It is not surprising, therefore, that not only is the Show being again held this year, and likely to become a regular annual event, but the demand by exhibitors for space has been so great that the floor area has had to be nearly doubled. Boats and sailing are attracting more and more people and it is beyond doubt that among the visitors to this cheerful and happy show will be many who have not yet actively savoured the joys of spending their leisure on the water.

MUCH to tempt the newcomer and the old hand alike will be there: several full-size sailing yachts and motor cruisers, various types of rowing and sailing dinghies and small motor runabouts and tenders, and on other stands a representative exhibition of the many adjuncts of boating and yachting, from sails to engines, from paints to oilskins, from flags to charts, and from the thousand and one fittings to all the other innumerable things the sailor needs.

Of the sailing yachts perhaps the first one to catch the eye is the eight-metre cruiser/racer designed by James McGruer and built by A. H. Moody & Sons, a sister ship to Josephine IV (owned by C. D. P. Smallpiece) and Sir William Acland's Adastral X, both from the same designer's board. She is finished in the traditional fine workmanship of this yard under Lloyd's supervision and classification. The busy yard of R. A. Newman & Sons, Ltd., of Poole, is showing a 5-tonner designed by Frederick Parker, who has been so successful in recent years with his designs of ocean racers and cruisers. With remarkable accommodation for her 21-ft. waterline, she has a sail area of 340 sq. ft. and is equipped with a 4-b.h.p. Stuart engine. One of the new "Brownsea" class, this boat is likely to prove popular.

NEXT, on a stand shared by several yards of Burnham-on-Crouch, Priors are showing an 8½-tonner and Tucker Browns the 4-tonner Paprika built in 1951, both designed by Alan Buchanan. Offering a glimpse into the future, Kemp's Shipyard of Southampton is showing a 26-ft. Bermudian sloop with a fibre-glass hull, while more traditional materials have been used in the construction of the "Islander," a day sailer by Port Hamble, Ltd., David Hillyard's new 20-ft. sloop and the 19-footer exhibited by Aero Marine, Ltd., of Emsworth.

A South Coast One Design, designed by Charles Nicholson last year to create a reasonably priced yacht equally suitable for class racing and family cruising, is shown by the Owners' Association. Several of these have been built already and some have raced most successfully during the past season. It is typical of the friendly atmosphere of this show that this exhibit, built by Lallow, of Cowes, will be shown and manned by owners in the class, their wives and friends.

LARGEST of the motor cruisers to be seen is the 44-ft. long, diesel-engined Maid Margaret which can accommodate ten people cruising on the upper Thames. From the Norfolk Broads comes the next largest, the 39-ft. Finewind by Graham Bunn (Wroxham), Ltd.,



This motor cruiser, propelled by twin Evinrude outboards, is built by Aero Marine, Ltd., Emsworth, Hampshire



Josephine IV, the 8-metre cruiser/racer owned by Mr. C. D. P. Smallpiece. It was built by H. A. Moody & Son of Swanwick to the design of James McGruer. She has two sisters already sailing

Below: Crevette, a South Coast One Design, owned by Col. E. Duffield, sails towards a mooring in Cowes Roads after completing a race



Blakes (Norfolk Broads Holidays), Ltd. are showing two cruisers of 33-ft. and 24-ft. length respectively, and other hire cruisers are shown by W. Bates of Chertsey.

Of more interest to the potential private owner are several new designs exhibited by well-known yards. Herbert Woods of Potter Heigham are showing a 25-ft. stock cruiser for river and estuary use designed by Arthur C. Robb, while Universal Launches, Ltd. of Bideford are exhibiting a 28-ft. motor yacht by Frederick Parker. The same firm is also showing a 26-ft. harbour launch constructed by its "two way tension" method in light alloy.

Two yards are showing cruiser hulls of fibre-glass; Tough Brothers have a 26-ft. launch built on a Halmatic hull and W. & J. Tod, who have been building dinghies in this material for some time, are now showing a 20-ft. fast cabin cruiser, the Tuner Super Twin. Fitted for two it is estimated to do thirty knots with its two Penta 50-h.p. engines.

A NEW development in this country is the outboard motor cruiser, which has become most popular recently in the States. The main advantages gained are the extra space inside the hull, a great saving in cost and in many cases the easy portability of the boat. Aero Marine are showing a two-berth cruiser which can be powered by one or two Evinrude outboards and is capable of speeds up to twenty knots according to the choice of engines. I had a trip in this craft recently, and was most impressed by its performance, particularly by the quality of the modern American outboard engines, which have reverse gear, electric starting and are much quieter than the outboards we know.

The selection of open launches, runabouts and speedboats with inboard and outboard engines is very wide indeed. Arthur Bray, Ltd., are showing a Braycraft runabout and an imported Chriscraft kit boat. Healey Marine (Donald Healey's new venture) two fast runabouts, and there are the latest models by Albatross Marine in light alloy and by J. Hutchings in plastic, and many others, too numerous to mention individually.

FOR sailing and other dinghies the largest stand is that of Fairey Marine, Ltd., who are showing their well-known series designed by Uffa Fox and constructed by their own hot-moulded process. The ubiquitous "Firefly," the 18-ft. three-up "Jollyboat" and the 15-ft. "Albacore" are members of this family, and they are also displaying their own 1956 version of that all-time aristocrat of sailing dinghies, a 14-ft. International.

Jack Holt is exhibiting two examples of his well-known skill as a designer and builder of sailing dinghies: a 16-ft. "Hornet" and a 14-ft. "Merlin-Rocket" as well as his latest design, the "Solo" single-hander, the British answer to the "Fin" with a great future. Chippendale Boats have a 14-ft. International and a 12-ft. National, and altogether a score or so firms are showing for racing and otherwise. Some of these are suitable for amateur construction, and the greatest range of self-building kits is demonstrated by the Bell Woodworking Co., while useful folding dinghies are shown by G. Prout & Sons.

I WOULD like to go on describing the other exhibits, but there is only enough space to mention some of the highlights: Wanderer III, in which Eric Hiscock and his wife have recently completed their three-year voyage round the world, an Advice Bureau, where among others the fabulous Uffa Fox will answer questions, a display of model ships, an exhibition of paintings by members of the Society of Marine Artists, a Build-it-Yourself boatyard in action, and a section for boats costing less than £250. Further attractions include a wildfowling display, a canoeing "slalom," a fishing feature, a cinema and lecture theatre and a "School for Sailing."

There is something for everyone with an interest in boats, but even the inveterate landlubber is bound to enjoy stepping straight from the winter's rigours of London into the midsummer gaiety of this colourful show



"They don't build 'em like they used to"

Roundabout

Paul Holt

Now that the winter saturnalia is nearly over—for there only remains that crossed hands shaking, sudden kissing and rum punch affair known as New Year's Eve—the mind wanders.

Where to go, what to do? A restlessness sets in.

I have it already. I want to go to Florence, the loveliest city in all the world. For there is so much superb contrast there. It is the seat of the Renaissance and also a seat of rebellion. It is a place where the superb David of Michelangelo stands on the top of the hill, across the Lung' Arno, while an inferior copy of the same statue stands in pride of place in the Piazza Vecchio.

It is a city where once they kept a duke walled up in the belltower of the palace for nearly twenty years, and then put up a statue to him. And a place where the statue of the great Petrarch, next door to Lorenzo the Magnificent, looks exactly like Dame Sybil Thorndike.

The restaurants are superb and a Florentine steak, which has been just waved over the charcoal, followed by a *casarta*, which seems to be a rainbow

ice-cream, is in all respects a royal meal.

They are so friendly in the restaurants and when they get to know you they will insist they be allowed to show you their kitchen. It has its charcoal fire and shining copperware, beaming chefs and a faint smell of garlic, not unpleasant.

It wasn't until I had visited five restaurants which lay on a tongue of buildings that strike off to the main square, that I realized each time I was entering the same kitchen. But by a different door.

FLORENCE is a place where the great Berenson, the art critic, identified and authenticated some of the greatest of the Renaissance pictures (much to the pleasure of Lord Duveen, who sold them to Americans). He lives on a hill to the north of the town, from which he can see the Michelangelo David, and if he had a telescope he could see what I saw one day, just by the famous Giovanni Della Robbia of St. Francis and St. Dominic in the Piazza Santa Maria Novella.

It was a man with a street barrow who was so bored by his occupation of selling nuts that he decided to weigh his own head on his scales. Every time he

put his head on the scales he had to look up at the indicator, which promptly went back to nought.

A goodish crowd gathered to watch him achieve this feat, but so sporting are the Italians that none of the spectators would tell the nut vendor what the indicator showed. This went on for half an hour.

Florence is a place where a cabby will persuade you to get out of his cab, politely, because he wants to have a chat with another cabby. So you walk home.

I want to go back to Florence.

★ ★ ★

GALLUP POLL investigators in both Britain and America have been asking people who the following were: Columbus, Beethoven, Karl Marx, Aristotle, Raphael, Tolstoy, Freud and Rubens. Britain won, but only just. They failed on Freud and Columbus, although one American woman was sure that Freud was the King of Egypt. Altogether Freud was unknown to eighty-four per cent of the women of Britain and seventy-seven per cent of the men of Britain who were asked.

The astonishing thing to me is that three out of ten British women and two out of ten British men had never heard of Napoleon. And eight per cent of British women did not know who Shakespeare was.

Ignorance may be a comfort.

I remember once listening to some prisoners from Italy. They were being indoctrinated and their teachers were showing them pictures of Karl Marx. "Who is that?" their captors said sternly. The Italians looked helpless, though wanting to please.

At last, staring at this picture of a stern, bearded man, one of them brightened. He was going to be the best in the class.

"Verdi?" he asked.

★ ★ ★

ARCHBISHOP BORIS, from Moscow, was flying from Edmonton to Ottawa in Canada on a goodwill visit. He is a big man, weighing twenty-two stone to his credit, so they had to take two seats for him on the plane, for he could not fit into one. They fastened his safety belt, but this caused a confusion. For his beard got caught in it. And so it turned out to be an unhappy journey for the prelate. He would have been happier in a droschky, to which he was born.

Archbishops always seem to get into trouble, for if it isn't politics, to which they are prone, nowadays it is the awful complication of material living, which they know nothing about at all.

★ ★ ★

I AM glad that Mr. Gaitskell won the leadership of the Socialist Party. He is forty-nine and vigorous, and he may spark the Conservatives into some kind of energy. That is the function of an Opposition.

But don't mourn too much for Mr. Morrison, who was humiliated. It was not his age that defeated him, but the plain fact that he was associated with a failing party with a penny-farthing bicycle style.

The Labour people have been more Conservative than the Tories for a long time now.

★ ★ ★

AT a renewed sale of Sir Gerald Kelly's possessions at Sotheby's, the original manuscript of Somerset Maugham's *The Moon And Sixpence* was sold for £2,600. Nobody knows, not even Mr. Maugham, I suspect, how much the published editions of the book have fetched. But it is certain that very few works of fiction these days would rate in cash as much as the manuscript of this book did.

The reason is that the present-day writers of fiction, with the exception of a few like Joyce Cary, have drifted away from the general reading public and write more to please themselves than to attract their audience.

The same thing happens in painting and in music.

They will come back to a popular appeal before the sands of their time run out. In the meantime we must make do and mend, I suppose, with space fiction.



MR. UFFA FOX has a highly individual personality whose features are well known, not only to the yachting world, but to the general public through his frequent crewing for Prince Philip. Most famous designer of small class racers in the world today, he believes the way to excel is to experience all kinds of craft under every condition, and he has among other achievements in seamanship made three remarkable crossings of the Atlantic in small sailing craft. During the last war he originated boats for the three Services including the remarkable parachuted airborne lifeboat. Mr. Fox's tremendous zest for life embraces not only the sea, but horsemanship, good fellowship and a keen appreciation of music. He is the author of many books on sailing and boat design including *Crest Of The Wave*, which has been reprinted this year. He lives in the Isle of Wight, but will be visiting London to give advice to visitors at the National Boat Show

At the Races

CHASING CHAMPIONS

LORD SEFTON's gallant old Irish Lizard could probably find his way round Aintree blindfold, for he must know that place almost as well as Manifesto did, and though his recent victory in the Christmas Cracker Stakes was only over the Mildmay Course, that is not so very much easier than the Grand National itself, and demands a sturdy animal to get round without a bit of trouble. In this particular case there are 3 miles, 1 furlong and 130 yards of it.

The bookmakers were entitled to make Goosander a short-priced favourite in spite of the 12 st. 2 lb. he had on his back, quite enough weight over any course and especially over this one, which will only permit liberties up to a point—and not an inch beyond it. I should rate the Mildmay Course as about the same stiffness, or perhaps a bit more so, as Cheltenham, but lacking that uphill finish which has often been just too many for some of them.

NOR one of the five runners in this Christmas Cracker chase came down, rather an unusual performance in any chase of any note at all. Sir Crocker Bulteel, who runs Aintree (*inter alia*), has always had a flair for nomenclature, but this time I think he excelled himself—the Port and Brandy Handicap, the Mince Pie Selling Hurdle, the Christmas Cracker Stakes, the Turkey and Ham Chase, the Holly Hurdle and the Santa Claus, appropriately won by Christmas Log, a tip that was surely sticking out at least a yard. He won quite comfortably by three lengths, having started a piping hot favourite at 100-30 on; a bit unusual even in a hurdle race.

Manifesto's record over Aintree was a very notable one; he won twice, was third three times, fourth once and unplaced twice; total eight. In 1900 when he was third he had 12 st. 13 lb. on his back and this was the year of the Royal victory with Ambush II. The year that he fell was when The Soarer won for the then Col. Willie Hall-Walker.

THE hard-up condition of so many courses and the high cost of running a horse at all is a very stumping proposition. No one can produce rabbits out of hats in these times, and I do not suppose that anyone will. I do not see how abolishing bookmakers would help it, although we have the example of France with the big stakes which they can afford to offer without having bookmakers, though, of course, that has nothing to do with it! We should miss our old friend 'Arry 'Opkins of Arskit and his noisy companions and I cannot see that any good would come of abolishing them.

The main problem, of course, is how to make things cheaper for the owner, who is the backbone of the whole entertainment. At a rough reckoning everything nowadays where keeping racehorses is concerned is at least one hundred per cent dearer, and it is a hard nut to crack and no one has found the nut-cracker.

VERY well established book is *The Pony Club Annual* (Naldrett Press, 12s. 6d.), for the British Horse Society has had it going for at least six years. The present number is admirably suited to its purpose, and I am sure will continue to be very popular with its young patrons. These children all ride so well, and there ought not to be any dearth of young thrusters in the future, the only trouble being that wire is such a great deterrent to initiative.

If things were as they used to be, even the most hardbitten thruster of those days would never see the way the present day young hero goes. Unfortunately, as I think, they have to expend their surplus energy in show jumping, which is not the same thing by a long chalk as taking on the natural obstacles as they come. Many of us used to think that we took a bit of catching when we were at our prime, but speaking personally I feel rather glad that I have not got to compete with this present generation of Top Sawyers. Here's luck to 'em!

—SABRETACHE



THE WILTON HUNT BALL, given recently at Dinton House, near Salisbury, was attended by some 250 guests. Above: Mr. Ian Grant, Miss Iona Tottenham, Miss Sally Collier and Mr. Edward Hulse had forgathered in the bar



Miss Annette Gibbon of Witherington Farm, Downton, the ball organizer, and Mr. Geoffrey Holborow



Mr. Edward Portman partnered Miss Rosemary Farris. They recently announced their engagement



A party who found the stairs a convenient place for sitting out included Mr. Martin Flower, Mr. John Beckly, Mr. John King, Miss Ann Mahew, Miss Judith Fawcett, Miss Janet Flower and Miss Diana Gollidge

Victor Yorke



Miss Caroline Wilson and Mr. Peter Sitwell had been looking at a fine orange tree, with its golden fruits, in the hall

A DERBYSHIRE HUNT BALL

THE Meynell Hunt gave their annual ball at Elvaston Castle, near Derby, seat of the Earl of Harrington. It was attended by many members of the hunt, guests from all over the Midlands and from London, who numbered about 400. Dancing went on until nearly 4 a.m. in the great Gothic hall designed by Sir Christopher Wren



Viscount Scarsdale, Colonel Michael Blackman and Mrs. Stanley Smith were watching the dancing before supper

Miss Perdita Tilley, Mr. David Esse, Miss Audrey Catto and Mr. Roger Boissier

Mr. Ian Ley, Miss Charlotte Bowater, Mr. John Wright and Miss Susan Ley were among the company there



Mr. Anthony Willson and Miss Jennifer Dawson standing before an heraldic panel Lady Cunliffe-Owen was dancing with Major P. Profumo, new Master of the Meynell Miss Muriel Rose and Mr. John Orme talking in the great Gothic hall of the castle

Desmond O'Neill



PRINCESS PRISCILLA BIBESCO, daughter of the late Prince and Princess Antoine Bibesco and granddaughter of the first Earl of Oxford and Asquith, is here in the drawing-room of her seventeenth-century house on the Ile St. Louis, Paris. The Princess, who also has a home in London and many interests there, divides her time between the two capitals



Brodrick Haldane

Priscilla in Paris

FAIRYTALE WEDDING

IT was really a very, very pretty wedding. So heart-cheering in these days of ugly happenings and grey weather. So consoling to feel that the "tuppence coloured" pictures of life have not been obliterated entirely by the "penny plain!"

This was the marriage of Marie-Odette-Bonne-Victoire de Montesquiou-Fezensac, daughter of Pierre de Montesquiou, duc de Fezensac, and the duchesse, née Fenaille, to Michel-Frédéric-Blaise-Hubert, comte de Ganay. Such names alone spell pageantry, and when it so happens that the bearers of those names are young and handsome and terribly happy, the whole event is extremely pleasing.

IN her white frock, as simple as only a Balenciaga could make it, her long tresses smoothly banded under the small but stately circlet of her diamond coronet, the lovely bride was all that romance desires a fairy princess to be. The tall, slim bridegroom who, despite broadcloth, grey waistcoat and striped lower limbs, looked as if he were garbed in silver mail, lived up to one's expectation also, since he is well known to have been, ten years or so ago, one of the youngest heroes of the Resistance.

The eighteen small bridesmaids and pages were picturesque in eighteenth-century attire; the little girls in palest pastel shades and Marie Antoinette fichus, while the boys, in Nattier-blue breeches and frilled shirts, completed the picture. Not quite completed perhaps, since there were over 3000 famous guests present. There would only be room for half of them on what remains of this page.

Last week the "Femina" Prize was won by M. André Dhôtel, Professor of Philosophy at Coulommiers, for his novel *Le Pays où l'on N'arrive Jamais*, together with the ensemble of his work. This week the "Goncourt" has been carried off by M. Roger Ikor, author of *Les Eaux Mêlées*, Professor of Literature at the Lycée Carnot, in Paris. This business of teaching the young idea to shoot seems to be working both ways. When the young ladies of Coulommiers and the young gentlemen of the Lycée Carnot catch their mentors in a pensive mood they probably will not dare to offer them a penny for their thoughts, but I have no doubt that they—the girls especially—will self-consciously wonder just how far they may be encouraging those thoughts to burgeon.

It is rather hard luck that, while the lassies of Coulommiers are allowed to wallow in Professor Dhôtel's rose-coloured pages, the lads are sternly forbidden Professor Ikor's realistic story of a Jewish family.

BUT such is life. After all, it is just as well that young men should learn, early, of the pull we gels have over them! (And, anyway, they are sure to read it *sub rosa*.)

Les Eaux Mêlées, by the way, is the second volume of a novel entitled *Les Fils d'Avrom*. Since the award the two volumes have been published as one. A fact that has been somewhat criticised by those who have already read the first one. I do not intend to read either of them.

A new play by M. Jean Bernard-Luc at the Théâtre Montparnasse Gaston-Baty is delighting Paris. A new play, but inspired by one of the oldest themes in the world.

The usual triangle, but, as make-weight, a mama-in-law with a most intriguing past.

The action takes place at Florence, in the Palais Zinibaldi, in the midst of an amusingly rococo décor by François Ganeau. Mother-of-pearl chairs and couches, gilt tables, frescoes of somewhat redundant nudes, and a landscape, alluring as a mirage, perceived between the rough stone pillars of the loggia.

The triangle is formed by Princess Geneviève, played adorably by Dany Robin, who is the new, the third and the very young French wife of a rather Faroukian Prince Azoun (portrayed, with great zest and action of the pores, by John Paradès), and the Prince's lifelong friend, comte Perugina. (Otherwise Claude Rich, a recently arrived young actor who has become the darling of our hearts.) For all we know, Perugina is, perhaps, Azoun's half-brother on the wrong side of the eiderdown, but Princess Carlotta does not quite give herself away. 'Tis pity she's a . . . lady who has read Pirandello.

THE part is played by Mme. Alice Cocéa. Visitors who know their Paris stage will remember her some years ago in musical comedy, for she has a charming voice when she cares to use it. Since then she has starred in so many successes, from Savoir's *Little Catherine* to, recently, the rôle of Tante Alicia in Colette's *Gigi*, that it is impossible to name even a quarter of them. There are moments when she reminds one irresistibly of Marie Tempest. She has an air of complicity with the audience that delights the lad in the topmost row of the gallery as surely as the admirer in the front row of the stalls, and, indeed, all of us!

We feel that we are sharing her gay and naughty secrets, well . . . most of them at all events, for she certainly keeps us guessing in *Les Amants Novices*. The frocks are lovely and the masked ball in the second act, which is the climax of Jean Mercure's adroit staging, sets us a-jiggling in our seats.

Entre deux chères

● MARIE-CHANTAL: I spent the evening at Durand's and sang them all my new songs.

GLADWYS: Good for you. I hate those Durands, too!



Yevonde

HIDE AND SEEK WITH GRANDFATHER MAUGHAM

WHEN he visited his daughter and her family in London recently, octogenarian author and playwright Somerset Maugham kept his two young grandsons, Julian and Jonathan Hope, amused with a splendid game of hide and seek. They are aged five and three respectively, the sons of Lord and Lady John Hope. Their father is twin brother of the Marquess of Linlithgow, Joint Parliamentary Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Mr. Maugham returned to his Riviera home in the South of France for Christmas and is now planning a visit to friends in Egypt

At the Theatre

TRIUMPHANT SORTIE

Anthony Cookman

Illustration by Emmwood

AROUSING *Henry the Fifth* is the pick of the season at the Old Vic this year, and the most youthful gallery in London acclaimed the turn of the theatre's long run of lack-lustre productions by cheers of relief. All things, big and small, had worked happily together to justify the cheers.

Mr. Richard Burton has added a full inch to his stature since he played Henry at Stratford only a few years ago, which shows, as someone remarked, that he has learned in the meanwhile to hold himself better. But his progress as an actor goes further than this. His playing at Stratford somehow missed the whole point of Shakespeare's ideal king—that Henry, unlike his father, is a king by divine right and knows it, that he has all his father's capacity for kingship with a subtle something added to it—something in his blood and in his experience as the tavern-roistering Prince Hal which makes it pulse in harmony with the blood and experience of the people he leads. It is this natural warmth of fellow feeling at the heart of his captaincy which brings him triumphantly through the desperate campaign.

MR. BURTON now grasps this vital point completely. Just as his growing command of stage technique enables him to add an inch to his physical stature, so the imaginative gain enables him to give us an altogether larger rendering of the happy warrior king.

On the first night the Harfleur speech came out as a sorry piece of forcible-feeble rant and he badly misjudged the battle cry, but these are vocal flaws that will assuredly have ceased to exist before the run ends.

The rest comes off magnificently. The Agincourt reverie is finely spoken; the camp-fire talk with the soldiers permeated with fellow feeling; and the rousing call to comradeship before the onset could scarcely be bettered. In the prayer scene he makes us feel that the spirit has bent with the knee; and he manages the courtship of Katharine most adroitly, letting his sulkily defiant battlefield look take an attractively whimsical turn. In short, a fine and satisfyingly romantic performance, with only an occasional vocal uncertainty to spoil it a little.

OF late Mr. Michael Benthall has seemed to be getting a little stale and to be substituting easy stage tricks for inspiration; but here his direction recovers all its accustomed alertness. Miss Audrey Cruddas's settings give him and the players plenty of room, and the whole production is boldly dressed, firmly timed and well-lit.

Great pains have been taken with the minor characters. I particularly liked Mr. Job Stewart's thumbnail sketch of Corporal Nym as a little man full of dreary blood-thirstiness. Pistol's swelling rhetoric was probably funnier to the Elizabethans than it is to us, but Mr. Richard Wordsworth, playing him as a long lath of a man with a countenance as crimson as Bardolph's nose, makes the comic rodomontade immensely relishable.

TO Miss Rachel Roberts falls the few unconsidered words that alone in the whole play touch the heart, and she uses them well to describe the end of Sir John Falstaff. The scene of dejection as his disreputable followers take in the news is excellently done. All the four captains who typify every element in the mixed blood of the race are neatly hit off, especially Mr. Dudley Jones's little cock bantam Fluellen, and Mr. Derek Francis's "Guardee" Gower.

It is vividly brought home to us that soldiers' talk at Agincourt differed not at all from the talk we have heard on more recent battlefields. The French camp is rather less carefully presented, though Mr. Charles Gray makes a formidably individual figure of the Constable.

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT having been won for England by King Henry (Richard Burton), a private war rages between Pistol (Richard Wordsworth) and Fluellen (Dudley Jones), a most valiant champion of Wales and the leek, and possessor of a biting wit





Houston Rogers

AN UNEXPECTED STAGE "MOTHER"

BETTY STOCKFIELD, outstanding player of romantic leads in British and French films and plays, takes on an unfamiliar task with the greatest zest and ability at the Princes Theatre, where she is "Mum" in Enid Blyton's new play, *The Famous Five*. Miss Stockfield, last seen in the West End in *The Devil's General*, with Trevor Howard, finds being surrounded with stage children no strain on the nerves, for she has numerous nephews and nieces to whom she is devoted. She has a flat in Belgravia, but whenever possible spends her week-ends at her cottage at Tatsfield, Surrey. She also has a villa in the South of France. Her most recent film was *Lovers of Lisbon*.

London Limelight

World tour with Mr. Read

"SUCH IS LIFE," at the Adelphi, is the new chara-trade *divertissement* built around the day-before-yesterday's new comedian, Mr. Al Read. Better, bigger and brassier than I.T.V., it has the additional charms of being alive and in colours. The Right Monkey is supported by a Dame Manqué, Jack Tripp, a chorus, a Tiller troupe, a blues singer, marionettes, adagios and a coloratura. The kaleidoscope whirls from Dixieland to Vienna via Seville and Wigan pier. An exhausting journey, with its liveliest pause in Spain.

The anonymous Trio Capriccio Espagnol, consisting of a small embryo Antonio and two teen-age enchantresses, pack more spirit and accomplishment into ten minutes than most of their larger rivals in the Gitana world can discover in two hours.

Mr. Read, it must be reported, remains just as he was, which is a pity, because he came into the business as a gifted amateur, and it is now time he discovered a producer and a scriptwriter to consolidate his genuine comic gift. The chara-trade, devotees both of the Telly and Steam Radio, may ask, once the miracle of Mr. Read in the flesh is established, for a few new ideas to complete their idea of money's worth.

AN entertainer who has indeed made progress is Micki, the enchanting dog managed by Saveen, the ventriloquist now at Quag's. The human element still

makes an awkward start with the least convincing of the dolls, so that he has a pretty tough battle for our attention. But once the puppet dog, who is as obnoxious as ever, is established in rivalry to the genuine Micki, then we have a splendid situation.

Micki, I am happy to record, is improving rapidly with his repartee and I look forward to the time when he will be able to pull his opponent's strings by himself. Mr. Saveen should make him a dog star by next season.

"THE WILD DUCK," now at the Saville, is the first of six classic plays to be presented in the next twelvemonth by John Clements. These will all be filmed for I.T.A., an enterprise which shows commendable courage.

The filming of plays, as apart from making a film from a play, is in itself the revival of an elderly idea. Forbes Robertson made one of the first Shakespearean films around 1910, giving a straight if silent performance. Even an opera, *Les Cloches de Corneville*, was turned into an early epic by the Herkomer Studios, in Bushey. It was an exciting piece of melodrama and I still remember how it kept the resident pianist in my local palace (a most conscientious lady) on the qui vive.

—Youngman Carter



Al Read has trouble with a particularly tricky telephone at the Adelphi

TROJAN EPIC SCREENED

HELLEN OF TROY comes to the screen not only as one of the world's great love-stories, but as a screen spectacle with an international cast. The film was made in and around Rome, and Helen is played by Rossana Podesta, a nineteen-year-old Italian actress. With her (left) is Niall MacGinnis as Menelaus. The part of Paris is played by Jack Sernas, a French-born Lithuanian. The film comes to the Warner Theatre, Leicester Square, on January 26th, when Princess Margaret will attend the premiere. Right: The battle of the Trojan Horse



At the Pictures

WICKED SQUIRE RICHARD

IF we are to have villains—and I dare say we are—let us not have the mean, small, pettifogging, hole-and-corner kind: let us have the bare-faced, thorough-paced, triple-dyed variety about which there is a sort of greatness. At least, that is how I feel at the time of writing, while still under the evil bewitchment of Sir Laurence Olivier's Richard III.

A crook-backed, ambling monster, with skinny shanks, a withered arm, a crumpled hand, a long, thin, shrewish nose and a face pale and cold as the moon, this Richard has the most appalling power of fascination. Impudently cynical, he fixes you, the audience, with his snake's eyes and takes you into his confidence—gloatingly reveals his dark designs and by black magic makes you, willy-nilly, his accomplice.

HE is a glutton for iniquity who plots his crime with the relish of a gourmand planning a banquet: he bids you share it and you cannot refuse his invitation to the feast though you know the ghosts of his murdered brother, two nephews, a wife and the closest ally he had in his struggle toward the throne will bear you company at table. It is a remarkable performance.

Shakespeare's play has been pruned, lines transposed, situations somewhat altered, but as the result is greater clarity, a better shape and a brisker pace, I have no objection. That the coffin over which the weeping Lady Anne is seduced by Richard here contains the body of her young husband and not her father-in-law seems to me legitimate dramatic licence. It is only regrettable that, as the unhappily enthralled lady, Miss Claire Bloom, having such a situation

to conjure with, can pull nothing out of the bag but a hypnotised rabbit.

SIR JOHN GIELGUD, as Richard's luckless brother Clarence, speaks his dream of death so beautifully that one wishes he had been, though false and perjurd, less fleeting.

The horrid moment of his drowning prepares us for one even horrid: when Hastings (Mr. Alec Clunes) is summarily beheaded, real blood gushes out under the



Jack Palance and Ida Lupino face a dire threat in *The Big Knife*

door of the execution chamber, to be mopped up by a serving-wench as just part of a day's work.

Sir Ralph Richardson is a superb, scheming Buckingham, masking his corruption with the face of an honest man, and there are excellent performances from Miss Pamela Brown—the wonderfully sensual Jane Shore—Miss Mary Kerridge as Queen Elizabeth, Miss Helen Haye as the Duchess of York, Mr. Laurence Naismith as Stanley and

Mr. Stanley Baker as the noble Richmond. But until he dies, stabbed in a score of places and writhing like a crushed scorpion on Bosworth Field, it is Sir Laurence who rightly dominates this great picture.

THERE is something one must admire about Hollywood: when it decides to give itself a kick in the teeth, it wears a jackboot rather than a carpet slipper. The kick administered in *The Big Knife*, a screen version directed by Mr. Robert Aldrich of Mr. Clifford Odets' bitter play, is really fierce.

Mr. Jack Palance, acting better than usual, plays a Hollywood film star bound to a second-rate studio by a discreditable incident in his past. It seems that, driving his car while drunk, he accidentally killed a child: the studio, whose one asset he is, bribed a publicity man to take the star's place and the rap for manslaughter.

MISS IDA LUPINO, the star's wife, implores her husband to leave Hollywood before it destroys him entirely. He tries to break with the studio, but his producer, Mr. Rod Steiger, shedding crocodile tears, blackmails him into renewing a seven-year contract.

Miss Shelley Winters, who was Mr. Palance's companion on the night of the accident, has been bribed with promises of a career to hold her tongue about the star's guilt—but after playing "three cigarette girls in two years" she becomes annoyed and begins to talk dangerously. In coldest blood, Mr. Steiger and his icy-eyed henchman, Mr. Wendell Corey, tell Mr. Palance he must help them get rid of the girl. When it dawns on him that they mean murder, Mr. Palance can take no more: he commits suicide.

The dialogue is extremely good and Mr. Steiger's repellent study of a self-made man who will go to any lengths to protect his own interests is brilliant. There's a ghastly credibility about the film: so this is Hollywood, one says. I wonder what goes on at Elstree?

—Elspeth Grant



Television

MARCH OF THE GLADIATORS

DAVID ATTENBOROUGH deserves the honour of making the B.B.C.'s Saturday "Retrospect of 1955." Mr. Attenborough's "Zoo Quest" programmes have been among those which enable the B.B.C. to keep its lead, while he himself has developed into one of the pleasantest but least obtrusive of TV personalities.

ITA's New Year resolution to cease morning TV is welcome, if only as abating the too-great total of television hours. To-morrow's B.B.C. production of *Richard of Bordeaux* seems an occasion for all-round rewards. For the stars, Peter Cushing as Richard, Jeanette Sterke back from filming in Hollywood as his Queen, and for the author, the late Gordon Daviot, whose posthumous playlets were one of the B.B.C.'s pleasanter finds of the year. Mr. Priestley, on the other hand, whose "People Like Us" were also enterprising, is being honoured by the rivals this Saturday when ATV presents admirable Bernard Lee and delightful Megs Jenkins in *The Golden Fleece*.

SIMILARLY, Gracie Fields, who launched the all-conquering "Sunday Night at the Palladium" for ITA, returns on Saturday to the B.B.C. for twenty minutes; Fay Compton, whom the B.B.C. persuaded to TV, plays in *Adeline Gerrard* for the rival firm to-morrow, and Robert Beatty appears in tonight's Douglas Fairbanks film, *The Heritage*.

Resolutions I would urge are for more Beatrice Lillie after her matchless surprise appearance in the Jack Hylton half-hour; and death to dear old pals by a ban on Christian names between strangers and on the introductory phrase "who is a very good friend of mine." Finally, if a panel, forum or trust runs short of time, the chairman should forgo his winding-up to give the frustrated panel the last word.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart



The Gramophone

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE YEAR

HIS MASTER'S VOICE Stereosonic Tape-Recording is without doubt the most important development in the field of recorded sound to be put on the commercial market during 1955. The idea of stereosonic sound is by no means new; experiments were made in Paris as long ago as 1881, but it was not until 1929 that the Columbia Graphophone Company started to tackle the problem seriously. The interest shown this year at the Radio Exhibition, when stereosonic tapes were first demonstrated to the general public, was such that there can be no question as to the future of this latest development.

It is often well, at this time of the year, to look back and refresh one's memory in so far as it concerns important recordings.

Canada has not contributed over much in the past but this year we were able to hear a Long Play of outstanding quality originally emanating from that country, the transcription of that brilliant satire by Reuben Ship, "The Investigator." In it John Drainie and a cast of unnamed actors give a vital, and often brilliant, interpretation to this hour-long, controversial dissertation. (Oriole MG. 20006.)

There is a very fine example of the real value of the spoken word on record which it is well to remember. This is Richard Burton's reading of "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," in which the part of "The Narrator" is spoken by John Neville, and that of "The Wedding Guest," by Robert Hardy. The last two bands of this L.P. carry "Xanadu," and Samuel Taylor Coleridge's lovely short poem "Frost at Midnight." It was Wordsworth who said that Coleridge was the only wonderful man he had ever known. How full of proud delight would he have been had he heard this recording of his friend's poetry. (Argo RG. 41.)

—Robert Tredinnick



This procession represents the first Lord Mayor's Show in the fourteenth century. The figures will be about 10 ft. high and the procession will move to the music of "All the King's Horses." From the Croydon School of Art

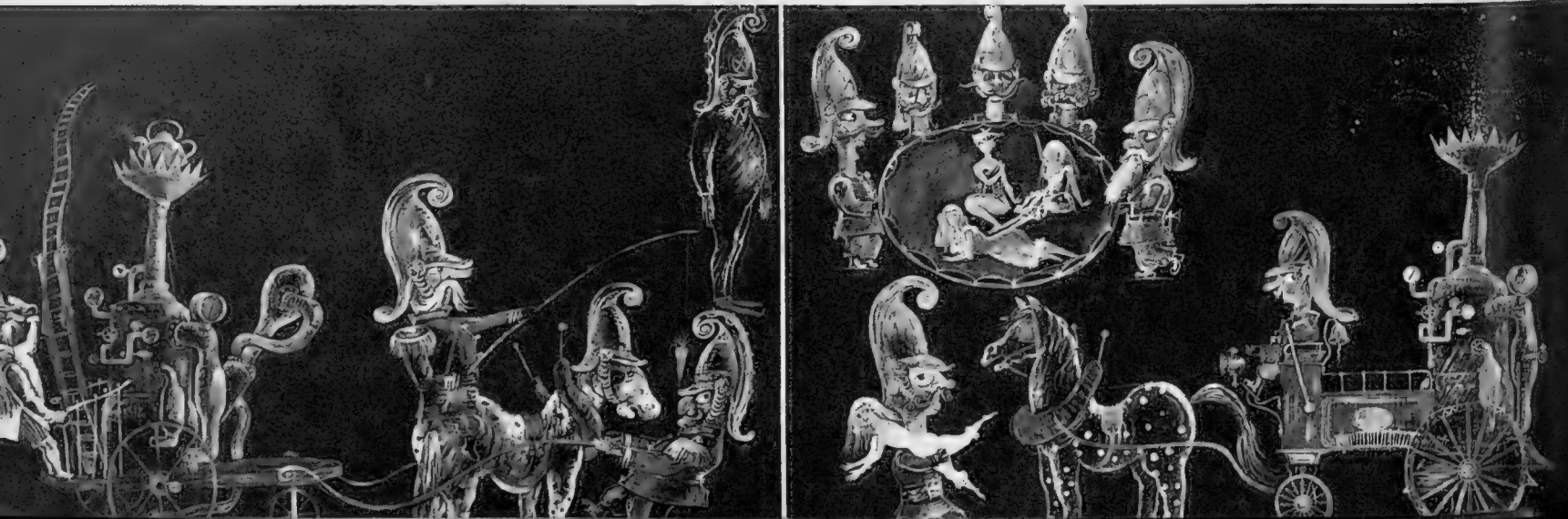
BOW BELLS TO RING AT ARTS BALL



A tug towing two lighters (students inside provide motive power) is from the Regent Street Polytechnic School of Architecture

THIS year the theme of the Chelsea Arts Ball is "Bow Bells" which incidentally is the subject of the appeal by the Lord Mayor that he is launching on January 24th. The main decor is produced from the designs of Mr. Leonard Rosoman. The centrepiece is based on a drawing by A. R. Thomson, R.A., and represents the spire of St. Mary-le-Bow, with bellringers who have come out from the ruins made by Hitler's bombs to cause the bells to ring out once again. The motive in selecting the theme was to reveal something of the life of the Londoner within the sound of Bow Bells and to make an artistic and whimsical representation of some of the activities in the City of London

Below: "Fetch the Engine" will have four animators inside, two in the horse and two in the fire-engine. These will be followed by firemen carrying ladders and a net full of rescued damsels. The Royal Academy Schools





"The Plague" is the subject of the Hammersmith School of Building Arts and Crafts. Above and below are microbes from this macabre piece



To the tune of "Cockles and Mussels" comes a mixed procession of porters, fish, police, hogshead, etc. From the Architectural Association School of Architecture

Below : Two individual sketches from the Royal Academy Schools' Fire Engine. The firemen's heads will be covered by huge masks made of cane and papier mâché. The tune for the procession is "We Don't Want to Set the World on Fire"



Standing By MARKED GIRLS' CORNER

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

SOMETHING like 7,000,000,000 to 1, if we rightly recall a big Scotland Yard boy's figures, are the odds against your personal fingerprints coinciding with those of anyone else on earth, you white men may reflect. And of course the Yard has all your other distinctive marks in the files as well, with your case-histories.

So what are believed to be fingerprints of the eminent Verocchio, baked into a terracotta bust discovered lately in New York, may conceivably have some tie-up with the contemporary Florentine police, a Chelsea type was telling us. Art circles are a trifle cagey on this topic, but the old Bohemian insouciance certainly helps the cops to keep everything under control. Huge painty thumbprints left for months on charming backs and shoulders are of great value, and should not be confused with the ownership-marks impressed on local sweetie-pies with a rubber stamp. A chap we know once saw a Chelsea girl being stamped in purple ink by an Impressionist in the old cosy Café Royal many years ago. As the newest ovals on her shoulders read "Ajax Furnishing Co., Nuneaton," she was doubtless on loan and about to be returned to the directors. And again, Whistler's wellknown bit of *chinoiserie* called "The Lange Leizen of the Six Marks" shows a Chelsea girl stamped by the mandarins J. Ruskin, G. Rossetti, T. Carlyle, F. Watts, A. Swinburne, and Chelsea United F.C. respectively. It's still the only sure method of distinguishing one studio-cutie from another.

And a blessing we wish you all.

Molar

ONE of Napoleon's teeth, sold the other day at Sotheby's with a lock of hair and his Légion cross for £38, would be just right for an experiment we've often wanted to see some psychologist try.

Before reaching their fifties many current tycoons acquire a Napoleon-complex, as is well known, automatically. In its simplest form this involves being rude to women, hurling entrée-dishes on the carpet in restaurants, and, if small enough, walking to and fro under the bed in a fury, dictating terrible orders with one hand clenched behind the back. Fitting a real Napoleonic tooth into one of these powerful little jaws might lead to more interesting behaviour. For example, many tycoons have a low opinion of their wives but are oddly shy, in our experience, about discussing them freely with their entourage as Napoleon discussed Josephine, apart from describing her anatomy and her lovers, with Bertrand at St. Helena. ("I only married her because I thought she had a lot of money. . . . I didn't respect her, she was too big a liar. . . . I was wrong to give her three million francs after the divorce when a million would have done," etc.) Here the magic tooth might banish inhibitions and perhaps suggest a loudspeaker for public use. ("THAT OLD POPEYED BATTLE-AXE. . .") Many other Napoleonic developments are possible, such as invading Italy and getting crowned.

Just a thought, born of admiration and fear. And also sympathy. They look so pathetic when they cry.

Macabre

TREES in conclave do not care for chaps, as anyone knows who has ever lost himself at night in a hostile, mazy, Kafka-like forest such as the biggish one at Arques-la-Bataille in Normandy, where the undergrowth is full of Henri Quatre's late troops crawling round on the trees' behalf to cut off all retreat. Hence, we surmise, the New Forest Commoners' angry opposition to a Forestry Commission scheme for planting 5000 more acres, presumably with



the conifers so dear to Bureaucracy and all servants of the devil. Those boys *know*.

Conifers in mass are more to be feared than any other (non-tropical) trees owing to the old dark, mean, Nordic devilry of the German forests mentioned in the nursery rhyme:

Woodman, woodman, duck that tree!
It's full of black diablerie;
On each branch there nests a ghoul,
Please don't boff it, you old fool.

Afterthought

WOMEN who deliberately praise conifers are usually witches. Talking to one of these at a recent literary party we saw a little red mouse pop out of her mouth. Probing later behind her prominent left ear we came across the customary *sigillum*, and furthermore she kept hoarsely hailing sister-witches, present by the names of their villages ("Holà! Chelsea! King's Burping! Hampstead! Mudbury Magna!", etc.), as at the Sabbat. Her garden was full of lovely conifers, this sweetheart boasted. In their evil shade she composed, by day, most appalling novels full of sadism and debauchery.

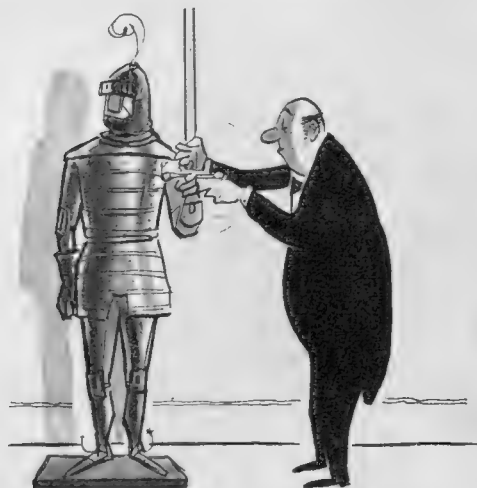
Our next Black Magic Talk to Schools will deal with the Infamous Kiss (Home, 3.30). Okay, Joe.

Festa

LINES evoked by a news-item beginning "More than a thousand architects danced till two o'clock this morning in a Stone Age *décor* in the ballroom at Grosvenor House," and dedicated with enthusiasm to the F.R.I.B.A.:

Dance, little architects! Your happy faces
Proclaim a Second Stone Age and its graces;
But O, what sweeter music than the crash
Of falling works by Hawksmoor, Gibbs, and
Nash?

BRIGGS . . . by Graham





Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald, the architect and designer of Dublin Airport, arrived at the Metropole Hotel with Mrs. Fitzgerald

Charles C. Fennell



ROMANTIC VENICE CAME TO DUBLIN

FOR the ball given in aid of the Adelaide Hospital, Dublin, it was decided that it should be in fancy dress, the theme being Venice in the eighteenth century, a very colourful scene resulting. Above: Mrs. Brian Macartney-Filgate, who with her husband brought a large party

Mr. and Mrs. Dominic Mitchell were among the 300 guests at this enjoyable ball

Miss Birgitta Wennerberg, younger daughter of the Swedish Minister to Dublin

Prince d'Ardia Caracciolo with Signorina Giovanna Tomicelli, who sold souvenirs



JILL CROCKFORD is the talented young artist who illustrates all the Worzel Gummidge children's books of Barbara Euphan Todd, and is seen finishing some models of the characters—Hannah Harrow and Upsidaisy, types who are also very popular with young listeners to the B.B.C. Children's Hour. The latest book in the series is *Worzel Gummidge and the Railway Scarecrows*, published by Evans Bros. (8s. 6d.)



Book Reviews

by

Elizabeth Bowen

SAVAGE MASTERPIECE

GRAHAM GREENE's new novel, *THE QUIET AMERICAN* (Heinemann; 13s. 6d.) is set in French Indo-China, during the fighting; most of the action centres around Saigon—city of danger, tense with intrigue and rumours, now and then paralysed by explosions. Here are gathered the news-hawks; and Thomas Fowler, an old hand, British war correspondent, is as tough as his American opposite numbers. Fowler it is who narrates the story—and, give him his due, like him or not, seldom has story been better told. Here, indeed, is a brilliantly savage masterpiece.

At home and abroad, no novelist's reputation to-day is higher than Graham Greene's, and this book shows why. Here is a perfect case of objective trouble complicated by inner subjective twists. The superbly mechanised plot interknits outer and inner conflicts. At the same time, everything happens so close up that the reader becomes a magnetised looker-on, unable for a moment to turn away. The Saigon situation could be enough, but to this is added the grim fate and ever-ambiguous doings of Alden Pyle, the quiet American in question. The narrative opens with Pyle's death; next, we are to discover what led up to it.

Are there no lengths to which a wrong-headed idealist will not go? Pyle, from Boston, arrives in Saigon with a definite mission at heart, an impervious moral belief, and a head crammed with ideas from high-minded books (written by Americans for

Americans). He personifies the well-meaning trouble-maker. He has an "unmistakably young and unused face. . . . With his gangling legs and his crew-cut and his wide campus gaze, he seemed incapable of harm." Thus does Fowler first recollect the newcomer—at the start so mildly absurd, of so little interest. How, then, is it to come about that, upon the discovery of the body, Fowler is the first to be interrogated?

What is known, what is common knowledge, is that Pyle had recently taken Fowler's girl, the enchanting Annamite Phuong. The

idyll, becalmed still further by opium smoking, seems to the boy from Harvard extremely shocking: he proposes to rescue Phuong from a life of shame, marry her and bring her home to his mother, to be processed into the American Way of Life. The ingenuous project amuses Fowler, till the day when Phuong does, in fact, walk out on him.

Yet there is more than a question of love rivalry: the two men, preposterously unlike, one a sceptic, one an apparent simpleton, keep on crossing each other's paths. There is the argument in the room in the tower; there is the struggle at the edge of the marsh, when Pyle saves the unwilling Fowler's life. There is the incurable opposition, throughout, between the Old World and the New.

With the going-off of the bomb in Saigon square, crowded at midday, the crux comes. Fowler finds himself face to face with the unforgivable; from now on, there seems only one course to take. More of the story, I would not for worlds reveal. Its most startling aspect is, that it is credible.

THE QUIET AMERICAN will, I fear, be considered anti-American. Is Mr. Greene unfair to good Alden Pyle, and all that he stands for? The youth is touching enough; he's magnanimous, modest, friendly; he shows courage. Yet innocence (of the wrong kind, in the wrong place) deforms him into a menacing monster. Is he, then, the victim of his own ideas? Alas, no; the cost must be met by others.

Pyle, I imagine it will be said, is not a character but a caricature; to me, I admit, he is not convincing—only the novel's genius puts him across.



RHINOS SPARRING, an illustration by Raymond Sheppard from *Tree Tops* (Oxford; 6s.), a fascinating account by the late Col. Jim Corbett of the Queen and Prince Philip's visit to Kenya's famous arboreal hotel, now, alas, burnt down

SOME BOOKS FOR THE YACHTSMAN

By Gabor Denes

THE WEST IN MY EYES, by Annie Van de Wiele (Rupert Hart-Davis; 18s.), is more than just another book about a long sea voyage. The author, her husband Louis, and Fred the crew—not to mention the dog—sailed round the world in the 18-ton ketch *Omoo* in two years, without any major misadventure or grave hardship. The trip was well-prepared, the ship was seaworthy and M. Van de Wiele knew his job. The charm of the book lies in the author's vivid description of life on board, the ports visited and the people met. She does not suffer from the complaint of most world-cruising authors, who take themselves much too seriously; her writing is light, outspoken and spiced with Gallic humour.

SACRED COWES, by Anthony Heckstall-Smith (Alan Wingate; 15s.), is not so much a book on yachting, as on yachting people who populated the scene at Cowes in the golden age of that resort. The author is the son of Major Brooke Heckstall-Smith, a yachting authority of world fame, and was born—so to speak—with a silver tiller in his hand. The life of an almost extinct race, the famous yachtsmen of the Victorian and Edwardian era, was centred on Cowes and the Royal Yacht Squadron. Many of these glittering characters are recalled with well-chosen anecdotes. Most amusing reading for non-yachting people as well as for devotees.

OFFSHORE, by Captain J. H. Illingworth, R.N. (Adlard Coles Ltd.; 63s.). Since it was first published in 1949 many important new developments have taken place in ocean racing and the design of cruising yachts, and a completely revised and enlarged edition of this monumental and authentic work by a master is most welcome. Nothing is overlooked, everything is lucidly explained in simple, logical order down to the smallest detail in this new "bible" for the ocean racing or cruising enthusiast.

YACHTING—A HISTORY, by Peter Heaton (B. T. Batsford Ltd.; 25s.). Although in his preface the author states that this is not "the," but only "a" history of yachting, one cannot help feeling disappointed. Over-sudden transitions from one period to another, and mis-statements of fact in the modern chapters make the reader wonder how accurately the author has recorded his earlier researches. The book is well illustrated with many contemporary prints and photographs.

THE CREST OF THE WAVE, by Uffa Fox (Peter Davies; 16s.), published originally in 1939, and briefly noted here before, has been out of print for a long time and is now reappearing in a new, modified edition. It deals with some of his early cruising experiences in boats of various sizes from a canoe to the 46-ft.-water-line American schooner *Diabliesse*, and with his share in the development of the 14-ft. International design. Since the war many of us have been looking forward to a new book by the more mature Uffa; nevertheless, a reprint is better than nothing.

SPOONBILL, which is one of the Swallow class and is owned by Mr. David Pollock, is shown on the right, beating to windward in a fresh breeze. Photographed by Gabor Denes



Motoring

Oliver Stewart

THE BLUNDERBUSES

THE Minister of Transport made a wise and imaginative move in giving his blessing and a good send-off to the Lambeth car park at the time when Christmas shopping was in full swing. I was, therefore, disappointed to notice, on the five occasions on which I passed the park shortly before Christmas, that it contained few cars. It will be recalled that the park was (and, I imagine, remains) free, and that it was sited just south of the river to enable those driving in from that direction to leave their cars outside the region of heavy traffic congestion.

Free car-parking arrangements need encouragement. There is too much of the old English custom of soaking the motorist in the car parks of our cities. So it was worrying to see little use being made of the Lambeth free park. The park may have filled up during the day; but in the mid-morning, when I passed it and when one would suppose it to be most valuable, it was nearly empty. The reason was difficult to ascertain. A possible one was the inferiority of the public transport services available from the park to the shopping centres.

At the Kennington cross-roads, London Transport buses can be boarded. But these buses have the defect of their kind in that they appear to move in widely separated chains. One can wait hours for a bus, or one can find a line of the same number buses running nose to tail. And the buses will either be empty or stuffed to suffocation with humanity. In short, *the bus services are not tailored to the public demands.* There is little relationship between the bus seats offered in each hour of the day and the demand for seats.



IN London Transport we have an organisation trying to fulfil widely fluctuating transport requirements with a rigidly standardised fleet. There are hours of the day and night in London when it is possible to drive for miles without seeing a soul at any bus stop; but the buses continue to thunder along, cluttering up the streets; when a Morris Minor could do all the necessary work and do it quietly and expeditiously. And then there are the more widely publicised hours of the day when massed battalions of buses charge into the narrow streets to be fought for by the milling populace on the principle of devil take the hindmost.

The bus fleets plying in London are not scientifically planned. The standard London bus has simply grown from the old horse bus and become bigger, noisier and smellier. But meanwhile the streets have mostly remained the same width, while transport demands have varied between much wider limits. For more than half their mileage, buses run partly empty. A bus passes my house every morning. It is usually empty and I have never seen more than two passengers in it. It is the wrong size for narrow country lanes and for the traffic offering. It is uneconomic and one of the causes of high London fares.

Now the solution to all these problems is clear. For fluctuating traffic and variable conditions, the requirement is a flexible fleet; a fleet composed of sets of different vehicles to suit different conditions. This brings me back to the point about the Lambeth free car park. If London Transport (or any operator) were to have a fleet of miniature buses seating eight or ten people, they could run a service between Lambeth car park and the shopping centres; it would be a popular service and would serve a dual purpose in relieving congestion. But while all London buses are blunderbuses, the Lambeth walk will remain too long for many motorists.

PRINCE PHILIP's visit to the Austin Motor Company's works at Longbridge was private, but he subsequently sent a telegram to Sir Leonard Lord expressing his pleasure at the way the programme was organised and saying that he was impressed by the up-to-date ideas in the works and by the obvious enthusiasm of the workpeople.

It was because this was a private visit that no photographs were issued to the Press.



Sub-Lt. Martin French, R.N., with Lady Rosemary Mackay, daughter of the late Lord Inchcape

Miss Doreen Kerr, Mr. James Thompson and Mrs. David Sword were in a party together



A. V. Swaabe

Mr. N. W. Dakers, the hon. social secretary, in conversation with Mrs. Dakers during an interval

The stairs were being used for sitting out by Miss Margaret Moore and Mr. Stuart Steele

LONDON LOWLANDERS

THE LONDON AYRSHIRE SOCIETY gave their annual dinner and dance at the Park Lane Hotel. Above, the President, Mr. Robert Orr, and Mrs. Orr waited to receive the guests



GUNDOGS' "ROYAL" TRIALS

BY permission of the Queen, the International Gundog League Retriever Society Championships were held at Sandringham. Above: The judges, Mr. J. Arthur Rank, Mr. V. Routledge and the Earl of Northesk



Mrs. Guy Routledge, Mr. Guy Routledge and the Countess of Northesk were among the spectators. The event lasted for three days



Major H. Peacock, the owner and handler, with his dog, F.T. Ch. Greatford Teal, the winner of the Glen Kidston Challenge Cup



Mrs. Peacock was watching the first event in company with Mrs. B. Harcourt-Wood, who had herself entered a dog



Mr. T. J. Greatorex, whose Corndean Sherry competed, was talking to Mrs. F. Fairfax-Ross



London Dresses Win French Dancer's Praise

NICOLE PARENT, clever dancer from *La Plume de ma Tante*, posed for these photographs at the Espresso Bar in Palace Gate. These dresses, and the clothes shown on the following pages, were chosen from London wholesale houses and met with the greatest approval from this former Balenciaga mannequin. When told what these models would cost in the shops, Mlle. Parent remarked sadly that nothing in the least comparable for quality and style at that price could be bought in Paris. Above she wears Elizabeth Henry's short evening dress in white and green printed chine satin, with a bow at the back of its very full skirt. It is sold by the Galeries Lafayette

L'Espresso de ma Tante!

M^{LLE}. PARENT dresses for an evening out in a short frock by Simone. It has a full black faille skirt with a cerise pink satin top embroidered with black jet. It can be bought at Harrods





1



2



3

*Morning, afternoon
or evening date*



Michel Molinare

SOMETHING for every hour of the day was chosen by Mlle. Parent when she posed for these photographs. The hats are designed by Renée Pavy. 1. A three quarter-length coat of mohair and wool by Alexon. Double-breasted and buttoning low down, it has a lovely inward curving line and softly sloping shoulders. From Harvey Nichols. 2. Matita designed this beautiful pure silk afternoon dress in grey spotted with red. With it goes a long stole of the same material flounced at the ends. From Elaine of Guildford. 3. This oatmeal-coloured pure wool tweed suit by Sylvia Mills has rounded shoulders and very pretty revers. The skirt is straight with a centre back pleat to ensure ease in walking. From Rocha of Grafton Street. 4. Frederick Starke's light grey fine tweed jumper suit with its straight and narrow line has a low-cut square neck filled in with a cravat of the same material. At Harrods from early February





John Cole



CHOICE FOR THE WEEK—by Mariel Deans

THIS attractive ensemble, which is so useful for daytime occasions throughout a London winter, comes from Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, who also supply the two hats seen on these pages. Both the coat and the suit are by Windsmoor, the suit being in a useful oatmeal coloured wool and alpaca

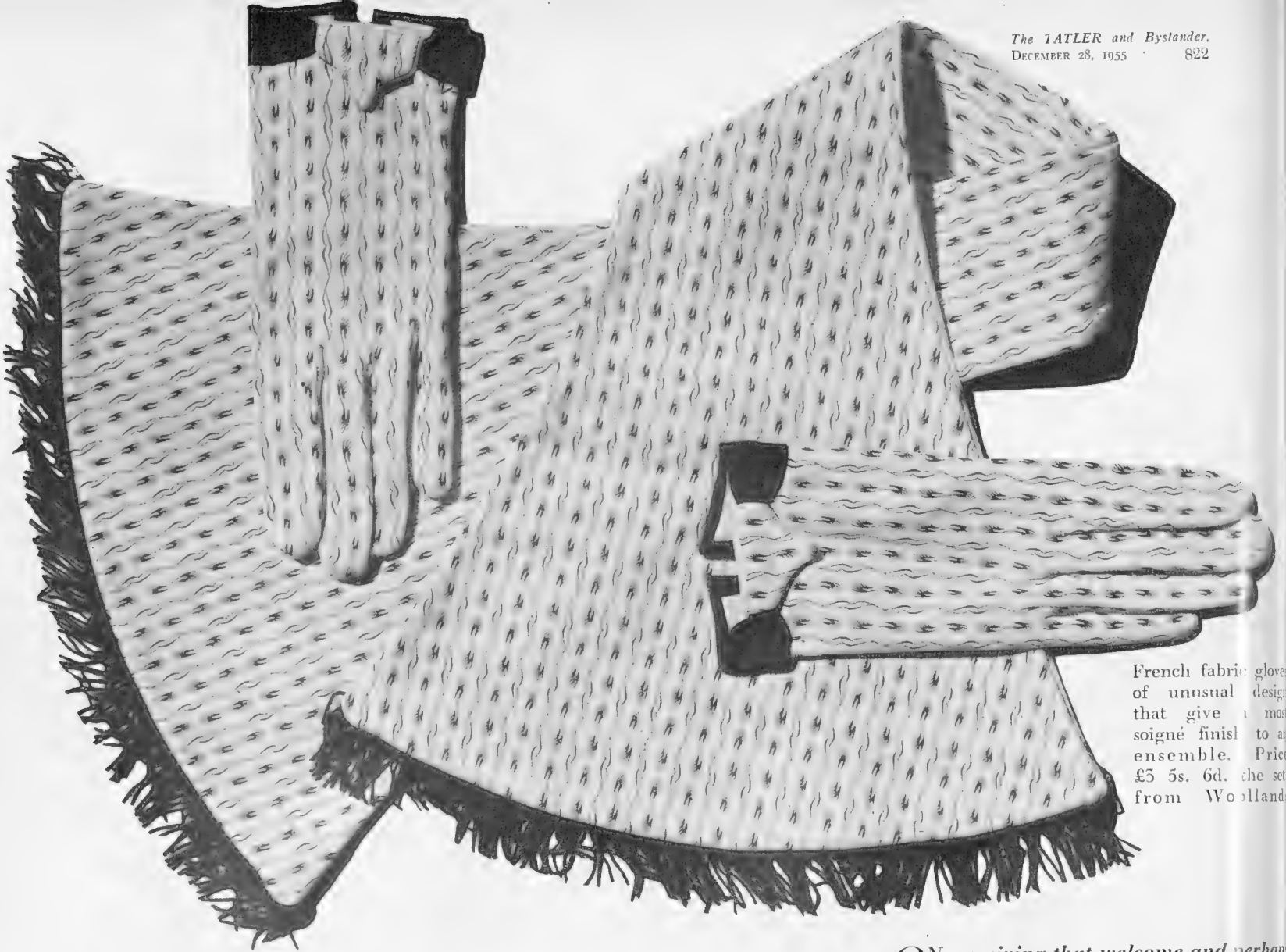
LOOKING RIGHT THROUGH THE LONDON WINTER

The top coat shown on the left is made of vivid coral coloured wool and mohair. It has a deeply rounded yoke and a pretty little turnover collar. Very light and warm it is most reasonably priced at 11½ gns.

Right: A useful suit to wear beneath the coat. Notice how its turnover collar is matched by the cuffs of the three-quarter sleeves. Notice, too, the inverted pleats in the straight-hanging skirt which make it thoroughly practical for walking. Costs £12 10s. 0d.

Below: This close-fitting hat in pale oatmeal coloured melusine costs £4 19s. 6d. The hat shown with the coat on the opposite page is also of oatmeal coloured melusine—large, flat and shaggy, it is priced at £3 9s. 6d.

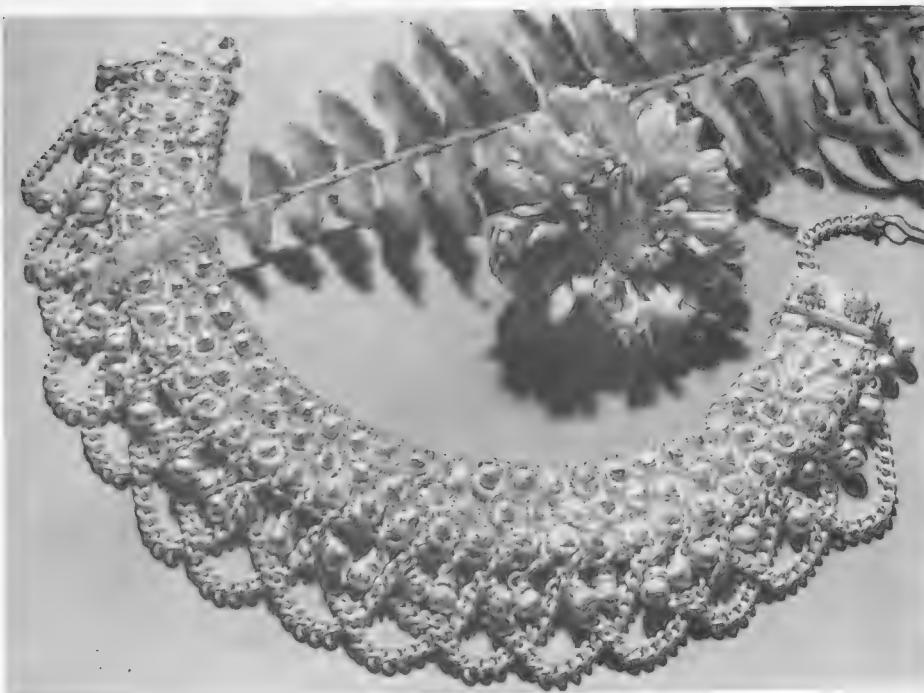




French fabric gloves of unusual design that give a most soigné finish to an ensemble. Price £5 5s. 6d. the set from Woollands

Spending the Christmas cheque

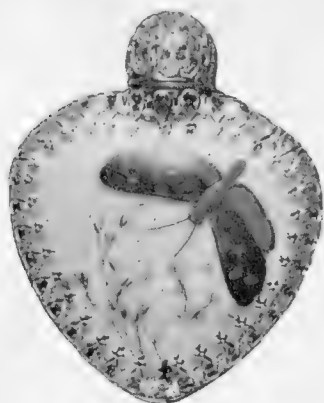
ON receiving that welcome and perhaps even unexpected cheque at Christmas you can spend it on attractive accessories for yourself or your friends. These examples combine fine workmanship with gaiety—JEAN CLELAND



An unusual moonstone metal collar necklet that lends an exotic air to evening wear. Price £3 10s. 6d., obtainable from French of London



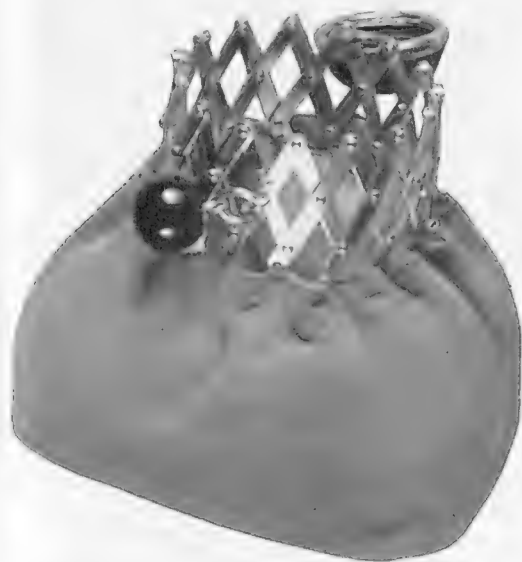
Also very "different" is this Indian moonstone motif bracelet. Price £1 1s. 6d. French of London



A dainty filigree perfume bottle with South American butterfly insertion. At Woollands. 25s. 9d.



For the evening this charming little purse in gilt mesh with a key ring attached. 15s. 6d. Harvey Nichols



Suede coin-purse with expanding top. In various colours, price 15s., from Harvey Nichols



The new Bagcraft "Lite-on-Handbag" has two electric bulbs inside. Fitted in the bag is a frame for a photograph, compartments for lipstick, perfume, etc. Calf finish. Price £15 15s. Most leading stores



Smart black suede bag of fine quality and unusual shape with saddle clasp. Price £8 18s. 6d. Black grosgrain tailored bag with ball and claw clasp. Price £1+ 1s., from Debenhams and Freebody



Beauty

Jean Cleland

Starry eyes for the party

FEW things are more depressing to a woman than the remark from a kind friend at the beginning of a party. "My dear, how *tired* you look!" Of course the friend ought to be shot, but nevertheless she has only put into words what one knew oneself when setting out earlier in the evening, hoping for the best, but fearing the worst.

To feel tired at a party is bad enough. To look tired is the end. Confidence ebbs away, leaving one as flat and dreary as a river bed from which the tide has receded, taking with it all liveliness, colour and sparkle.

How can one prevent this sorry state of things? There seems to be only one alternative. Either give up the whole idea of going out, retire to bed with a nice book and a cosy hot-water bottle, OR find some way of enlivening the looks.

WE all know that when we are tired this fatigue can be seen first and foremost in the eyes. They look dull, and little wrinkles—which at other times may be unnoticeable—are more marked, and there may be some puffiness underneath, which, in itself, is very ageing. Being a busy person myself, and subject at all times to considerable strain, I know only too well what this can look like, so on the principle that a kindred feeling makes one sympathetic, I decided to go more fully into the matter.

The search for a cure—or if not a cure at least a relief—took me to Charles of the Ritz, where I found just the thing for which I was looking, a special "tired eye treatment."

This is not, as you might think, merely a refresher for the eyes alone. It is a full-scale treatment that deals with the nerves, smoothing away strain, and—by means of expert massage—untying the little knotty bits in the spine and at the back of the neck. It is something for which I feel sure many tired women would be grateful, and as a pre-party "liver" it is well worth considering. This is how it is done:

FIRST of all the client lies flat out and face downwards on the treatment bed, while her spine is massaged, first with the hand and then with a Vibro-Massager. Any feeling of strain she may have had when she entered the salon gradually gives way to a most restful sense of relaxation.

For the next step, she turns over and lies on her back, while her scalp is gently massaged. This again relieves tension, and acts like a charm for getting rid of a headache.

When the massage is finished, a head band is put on to protect the hair, and the face is thoroughly cleansed with one of three preparations. "Feathertouch" for a dry, sensitive young skin, "Dry Skin Cleanser" for the dry skin of an older woman, and "Oily Skin Cleanser" for an oily skin.

After the cleansing, the face is refreshed with "Skin Freshener," and then massaged with

"Velvet Texture" cream. If the skin is extra dry, "Super-rich" cream is used. The area around the eyes is massaged very gently with a special eye cream designed for the purpose. It is important to have a special cream for this area, as if too rich a one is used it tends to cause puffiness. The massage continues, very soothingly, until it seems as if the little wrinkles around the eyes are being "ironed out."

For the forehead, soothing upward movements are used, and for the eyebrows "lifting" movements to relieve congestion. All this gives a wonderful sense of release and relaxation. Massage on the temples is done with soft rotary movements, and is continued at the back of the neck with "stretching" to release tension.

Now comes a lovely restful period, during which eye pads saturated with eye lotion are placed over the closed lids. Before use, the pads are placed on ice, and frequently changed to maintain the refreshing coolness. This process continues for about ten minutes, after which all cream is removed from the face with a skin freshener. By this time the sensation is one of delicious drowsiness, from which one is awakened with some brisk patting under the chin, along the contours and on the forehead, to stimulate the circulation and brace up slack muscles.

Lastly—after eye drops have been put into the eyes—comes the make-up, which starts with "Revenescence," a preparation that gives moisture to the skin, and is the basis of what Charles of the Ritz calls the "velvet look." The idea behind it is to give the skin the soft bloom that goes with the lovely velvets that are being worn so much this season. To create this bloom, "Liquid Veil" foundation is used—only a very little, otherwise the velvety surface is spoilt. Rouge, too, is applied *sparingly*, and put close underneath the eyes, a trick which helps to light them up and give them brilliance.

As always with Charles of the Ritz, the powder is specially blended to each individual skin tone, and then moulded into the skin on cotton-wool with a gentle pressing movement. When the surplus has been dusted off with a fresh pad, the skin is left with a beautifully smooth velvety surface.

EYE shadow is applied to the eyelids on top of the powder, and the two shades most often used are either fern green or Chinese blue, both of which—softly subtle—emphasize the velvet look. Mascara comes in four shades; black or brown for daytime and green or blue for evening. After it has been brushed on to the lashes, the eyebrows are brushed ever so lightly, with either the black or brown, to make a clearly defined arch.

Lipstick, of course, is the finishing touch, and by the time this has been applied all signs of fatigue have been completely banished. The tired look has, in actual fact, given way to the Velvet Look.



Final touch to the "tired eye" treatment—a delicate line being drawn behind the lashes with a special pencil



Fayer

Miss Mairi Phoebe Elizabeth Macrae, only daughter of the late Major Ian Macrae, M.C., T.D., and Mrs. Macrae, of Mayfield, Tibbermore, Perthshire, Scotland, is to marry Capt. Peter Ross Lewis, 1st King's Dragoon Guards, the only son of Mrs. H. R. Lewis, of Albert Hall Mansions, London, S.W.7



Lenart

Miss Karin (Tulla) M. G. Trouton, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. de B. Trouton, of Harley Street, W.1, has recently announced her engagement to Mr. John Ronald Young, elder son of Sir Eric and Lady Young, of Beaconsfield, Bucks



Harlip

Miss Catherine Eleanor Christie, elder daughter of the Principal of Jesus College, Oxford, and Mrs. Christie, is engaged to be married to Mr. John Porteous, only son of the late Mr. C. F. Porteous and of Mrs. A. F. Druce, of Castle Camps, nr. Linton, Cambridgeshire

THE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED



Yevonde

Miss Rosemary Anne Stucley, second daughter of Mr. D. F. B. Stucley and the Hon. Mrs. Stucley, of Hartland Abbey, Devon, is to marry early next year Viscount Boyne, of Burwarton House, Bridgnorth, Shropshire



Anthony Buckley

Miss Kathleen Mary Jupp, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Jupp, of Atherfield, Belmont Park Avenue, Maidenhead, is engaged to Mr. Malcolm Morgan Thielé, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Thielé, Green Gates, Loddon Drive, Wargrave, Berks



Norton-Pratt

Miss Eileen Ann Macdonald, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ian W. Macdonald, of Hermitage Drive, Edinburgh, is to marry Mr. John M. Stevenson, son of the late Mr. Allan Stevenson, and of Mrs. A. D. Stevenson, of Aberlady, E. Lothian

Book Reviews (Continuing from page 812)

An ironic comedy
from America

IN John P. Marquand's *SINCERELY, WILLIS WAYDE* (Robert Hale, 15s.) we see an American from the inside. Here's a character comedy, lit by astuteness and warmed by sympathy. Willis Wayde is convincing—it would indeed be fatal if he were not. For a John P. Marquand novel stands or falls—and not yet, to my knowledge, has one fallen—according to the reality of its people: plot, in the Graham Greene sense, here counts for less. Here the story, though shapely, is not close-knit—and indeed why should it be? For we follow, scene by scene, the growth of a business man.

Those to whom American big business is a mystery will be fascinated by the internal workings, so blandly laid bare by Mr. Marquand. Willis Wayde, as the finished product, is one of those nice-looking persons one sees on the better trains. Morning exercises and swimming (he is addicted to the Australian crawl) keep him bright as to eye, trim as to figure. Of ulcers, so far not a breath or hint. Frankness and honesty are his gods; he has a solid standing in the community. . . . All the same, we are invited to ask, exactly what *does* he mean by "sincerely"?

FOR the beginning, we go right back to the gawky, ill-dressed, fifteen-year-old with the fussy mother. Now on their way from the Middle West, the two are stickily sight-seeing around august Boston. Willis's father has been appointed engineer to the old, famous Harcourt Mills, a family concern: the residence found for the Waydes is a garden house on old Mr. Harcourt's English-style property. The Harcourts (three generations living) are merchant aristocracy of the fine old type. Their grace, their ease, their good looks, their civilization impact on Willis's youthful crudity. Their influence on him, one way and another, lasts.

Willis owes his advancement, in the first place, to the aid and interest of old Henry Harcourt, and his first education in courtship to young Bess. We watch our hero, still wary,



THE LONDON SEASON, by Louis T. Stanley (Hutchinson, 21s.), captures and retains something of the variegated brilliance of the crowded weeks between the opening of the Royal Academy in May and Goodwood in July, as well as the events that follow. Above is one of the fine illustrations

grow more confident. Careerist? One would hardly like to say so: still, one after another horizons open; opportunities offer and must be seized. So far as *he* knows, Willis fails not in loyalty. Say, rather, times change and he changes with them.

BESS deals the first snub—and, years later, the most nearly devastating blow. Willis, foot set already in the big business world, rather surprisingly makes a marriage outside it. Sylvia Hodges, the Harvard professor's daughter, has been reared with very different ideas—his visit to his beloved's plain-living family, then, subsequently, the honeymoon in the Chieftain Manor Hotel, provide some of this novel's delicious comedy. The Manor, as they drove up to it in the sunset, proved really larger than Willis believed was possible.

"Oh, Willis," he heard Sylvia say, "is this it?"

"Yes, honey," he told her. "It's quite a layout, isn't it?"

"This isn't a hotel," she said, "it's a fantasy."

"A what?" he asked her.

"Oh, never mind, dear," she said. "Isn't it going to be terribly expensive?"

It was strange how apt Sylvia was to miss the point of certain things. For instance, she never could understand when it was worth while to spend money. Of course the main purpose of Chieftain Manor was to be expensive. It was a symbolic prize for industry and endeavour, a happy resting place only for those who had made good. Somehow Sylvia never seemed to see that if you worked hard for what you got, it was a pleasure to show that you had money.

Best of all, in the Chieftain bar on that first night, Willis spots top-flight executive P. L. Nagel, of the Simcoe Rubber Hose and Belting Company. . . . Infinite married disharmonies could be possible: more and more we come to admire Sylvia. As success progresses, lessons have to be learned. One must live not in a charming house but a "right" one. And oh, Mr. Marquand's picture of what is "right"! Conformities at every point are essential. I should wreck, if I attempted to quote, Mr. Marquand's splendid success-vocabulary. Seldom has this ironic writer been better; and best of all, though ironic he has been kind. *Sincerely, Willis Wayde* is a joy to read. And is all this confined to America?

★ ★ ★

IN LUDMILA (Michael Joseph, 6s.) the by now infallible Paul Gallico once again strikes a wistfully tender note. This time, it's a Liechtenstein legend about a cow. This is an animal, I had always thought, guaranteed to provide milk and not draw tears. Mr. Gallico's heroine, however, cannot do the first, so does do the second—that is, until the local saint, Ludmila the holy Notburga, works a miracle. The mountain-and-valley setting is, like the story, extremely pretty; and the human cast, priest, herdsman and little girl, are simple, as simple folk should be. (This happened more than a hundred years ago.)

Ludmila is slightly shorter than *The Snow Goose*: Mr. Gallico always knows when to stop. I liked the coloured photograph on the jacket better than Franz Deak's drawings within, which seemed to me just a trifle heavy. This little Alpine cow story will, I'm sure, give pleasure to many during the New Year.



Dr. Lennox Robinson, the playwright, with Mr. Hugo Pitman and Mr. Ernest Blythe, who runs the theatre



Friends of the sculptor and of the poet were among contributors to this fine bronze



Mr. Michael Yeats, son of the poet, Miss May Craig, the Abbey player, and Mrs. Ernest Blythe were guests at the party which followed the presentation

Augustus John's bust of W. B. Yeats presented to the Abbey Theatre, Dublin

Charles C. Fennell



Wallace—Beith. Mr. William Leslie Stewart Wallace, son of Sir William and Lady Wallace, of Edinburgh, and Miss Joan Beith, daughter of Mr. B. D. F. Beith and of the late Mrs. Beith, of Albion Street, London, W.2, married at St. John's, Hyde Park Crescent



Weatherall—Keswick. Capt. Anthony Edward Weatherall, 7th Queen's Own Hussars, elder son of Lt.-Col. N. E. Weatherall, O.B.E., and Mrs. Weatherall, of Sandford House, Richmond, Yorks, and Miss Sophy Keswick, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Keswick, of Cowhill, Dumfries and The Chantry, Harlow, Essex, married at St. Paul's Cathedral



Barber—Portmann. At All Saints' Church, Durham Road, N.2, Mr. Denis Ian Barber, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Barber, of Creighton Avenue, London, N.2, was married recently to Miss Marie-Thérèse Portmann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Portmann, of Escholzmat, Lucerne, Switzerland



THEY WERE MARRIED



Warde - Aldam — Sutcliffe. Major D. J. Warde-Aldam, son of Col. W. St. A. Warde-Aldam, and of the late Mrs. Warde-Aldam, of Hooton Pagnell Hall, Doncaster, and Healey Hall, Northumberland, married at Eastham, Cheshire, Miss E. J. Sutcliffe, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Sutcliffe, of Bebington, Cheshire



Buckley—Hutchison. Mr. G. Christopher Buckley, eldest son of Cdr. W. G. M. Buckley, R.N. (retd.), and Mrs. Buckley, of Egerton Crescent, S.W.3, married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, Miss Ann D. B. Hutchison, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Hutchison, of Twickenham



Lywood—Evans. At The Queen's Chapel of the Savoy, Mr. Jeremy H. G. Lywood, only son of G/Capt. and Mrs. G. E. G. Lywood, of Malling Priory, Lindfield, Sussex, was married to Miss Elizabeth Anne Evans, eldest daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. D. R. Evans, of Penfolds, Dane Hill, Sussex

DINING OUT

The table groaned happily

CHRISTMAS is over, and enjoyable as the festival has been it is a pleasure to be able to relax. There have been comings and goings galore, chaos and Bedlam, into this party and out of that one. As a couplet I came across says:

*Sometimes gay and sometimes sad,
Sometimes feeling slightly mad.*

To start with, Les Chevaliers de la Confrérie du Tastevin celebrated their Coming-of-Age with a mighty feast at the Château du Clos Vougeot. As *hors d'oeuvre*, twelve sucking pigs, served cold in jelly, were brought in and carved at the table.

Very few of the English Chevaliers were able to attend, but many of them wearing their crimson and yellow sashes and silver tastevins made up for it by going to the 233rd Meeting of the Wine and Food Society, a party held at the St. Ermin's Hotel, Westminster, to celebrate their coming-of-age. The fare, and of course the wines, were wholly Burgundian: a clear *pot-au-feu* to begin with, and a glass of young Beaujolais to partner it, as is the custom in Burgundy; then *Quenelles de Brochet*, pounded, boneless pike poached in white Burgundy and served with a youngish Meursault. The classical *Coq au Vin au Chambertin* was the *pièce de résistance*, and it was partnered with a 1949 full-flavoured red Savigny; the *entremets de légumes* that followed was a mixed affair of mushrooms and onions served in a puff paste case, which was followed by a choice of cheeses, both these courses being partnered with the wine of the evening, a Château Gris of the 1928 vintage, the last of the really great vintages of this century. There was a sweet to finish with and *Marc de Bourgogne* and *Prunelle de Bourgogne* with the coffee.

I FOUND myself at a table with possibly one of the youngest licensees in London and undoubtedly the youngest Chevalier du Tastevin, Ainsley S. Cole, who at the ripe old age of twenty-six directs the Premier Lounge and Restaurant in Dover Street.

The Premier is a hive of activity at lunchtime, with a strong and regular business clientèle. Only the finest meat procurable is bought for the roasts and the grills; and the poultry, etc., is up to the same standard. Their chef, Mrs. Allen, makes a great feature of the steak and kidney pudding, which is one of her specialities and is available almost every day of the week. In other words, English food at its best at very reasonable prices. The result is that if you go once you go again and you will receive every assistance from Miss Jones, who has been manageress for five years, or Chevalier Cole in person.

ON the subject of tasting I am very wary, and in the presence of acknowledged masters keep my mouth well and truly closed—at least I did until last week. I had been asked to lunch by Leslie Seyd of Bouchard Père, the wine merchants, at their offices in the City.

On this occasion we started off with potted shrimps and a very powerful Montrachet '45. With some excellent Scotch beef we were given two glasses, one filled from a decanter and one from a bottle, and were told nothing. Gazing at these wines I thought that at last my chance had come, it was so obvious which was the older, and I said so. It seemed that the gentlemen present were in agreement. Then I sniffed and I snuffed and I sipped, and becoming rather more pompous confirmed my previous statement; I declared the left-hand glass to be the older.

To my embarrassment Arthur Bourne, who has been a director of the firm for nearly fifty years, stated that, in fact, it was a Beaune Grèves Vigne de L'Enfant Jesus 1952, whereas the wine in the right-hand glass was a Grand Echézéaux 1945—quite dumbfounding.

Leslie Seyd softened the blow by explaining that this '52 was quite exceptional, and it was also a very good illustration of the tendency of the wine makers of today to produce their wines so that they mature more rapidly to meet modern demands and prices. So it would appear that people who gaze hypnotized at the years '45 and '47 in their wine charts should try some more recent years as an alternative.

—I. Bickerstaff



Harcourt



Ivan de Wynter

FERNANDO, of the Knightsbridge Grille, was born in Hungary where he began in the restaurant business at fifteen, later going to Italy, France, Germany and North Africa. He came to England in 1930, and after seventeen years at the Hungaria went to Australia before returning to take over his present restaurant

DINING IN

Bel adieu to the turkey

BY now, there is very little, if any, turkey left, but even the final titbits can be converted into interesting luncheon or supper dishes, and one of the nicest ways of making much of little is in a *Vol-au-Vent*. Nor need we make the puff pastry. This, uncooked and ready to use, can be obtained in very many local shops and, certainly, in all the stores. And almost no knowledge is required to produce a *Vol-au-Vent* case which would not shame a practised *patissier*. Better still, make individual *Vol-au-Vents*—much tidier and easier to handle at the table.

First, then, the cases. Roll out a pound or even half a pound of puff pastry to about half-an-inch thick. Stamp out, without twisting, into 3-to 3½-in. rounds. (Twisting is one of the reasons why Pisa-leaning-Tower-like cases are sometimes produced.)

With another cutter, about ¾ in. less in diameter, cut almost three-quarters of the way through each round. Brush with a little egg yolk beaten with a dessertspoon of water, then bake for 15 to 20 minutes in a really hot oven (450 to 475 deg. F. or Regulo 7 to 8).

IMMEDIATELY remove the little centre top pieces and any glutinous pastry inside the cases. Have ready a hot mixture of diced turkey, wafer-thin slices of tiny white mushrooms (first quickly cooked in a small nut of butter and a squeeze of lemon juice to keep them from darkening and spoiling the appearance of the sauce) and well-seasoned really creamy white sauce.

A breakfastcup of turkey titbits, a few mushrooms and a good cup of the white sauce will make enough to fill 4 to 5 good-sized cases.

Fill the hot cases with the hot mixture, put on the "lids" and you have a most pleasing main dish for very little cost indeed. Veal, lamb and chicken make very good substitutes for turkey.

If it is a little trouble to get the puff pastry, why not make some ordinary pancakes, using Yorkshire pudding batter? One large egg, 4 oz. plain flour, a pinch of salt and ½ pint milk and water (mixed) should be enough for 8 pancakes. Fry them to a golden tone on both sides, but not dry. Stack them as they are made on an unturned dinner plate and keep warm.

Make 2 cups rich creamy white sauce. Add half of it to the bits of turkey and cooked mushrooms and divide the mixture between the pancakes. Roll up into neat rolls and place, side by side, in a shallow oven-dish. Pour the remaining sauce over them, sprinkle the surface with grated Cheddar cheese or, if you have it, Gruyère, and slip under the grill. When the top is flecked here and there with brown, the dish is ready—and very good it is.

THAT ham, which I hope you have, yields many interesting dishes from the remaining slices—not the best ones, but good enough. Cut as many slices as you need—say, 8 small ones for 4 servings. Place in an entrée dish and sprinkle with a dessertspoon of consommé. (That cubed *bouillon* will do very well.) Cover with butter paper, warm through and keep hot.

Meanwhile chop a shallot and cook it with a tablespoon of wine vinegar, 2 tablespoons dry white wine, a few leaves of dry tarragon, a dessertspoon of tomato purée and a cup of consommé. Simmer all together until reduced by about a third. Finally, add 3 to 4 tablespoons double cream and heat through. Pour the sauce over the ham and serve with a purée of spinach glistened with a little butter.

A Ham Mousse, exotic as it is, can be made of what might be too scrappy to be served on its merits.

Pass 3 to 4 cups of cooked ham two or three times through your mincing-machine or, if you have one of those liquidizers, let it pulp the ham for you and it will be all the better. Add a breakfastcup of turkey stock or any consommé to 2 beaten egg yolks and stir over a low heat until they thicken to a creamy sauce. Do not heat more than is necessary or the mixture will separate.

Wet 1 oz. gelatine in ½ pint water and heat just enough to dissolve it. Add it and the ham to the egg mixture and mix thoroughly. When this is cool, fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and about ½ pint cream, first whipped until a trail is left by the whisk. Finally, add 2 tablespoons sherry, taste and season if necessary. Turn all into a mould and leave to set.

—Helen Burke

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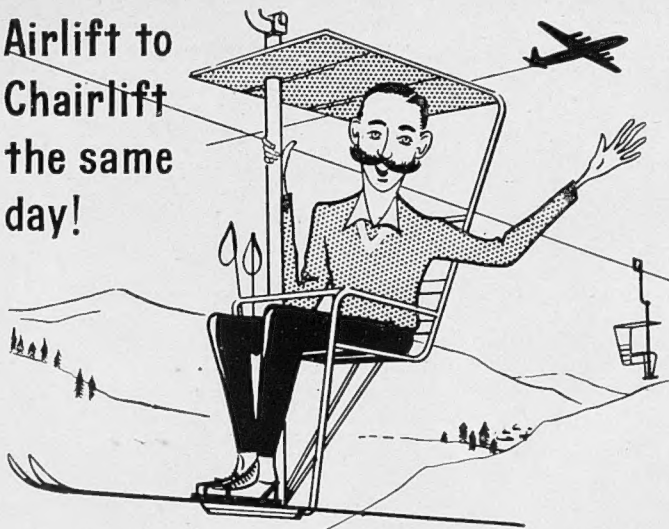
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